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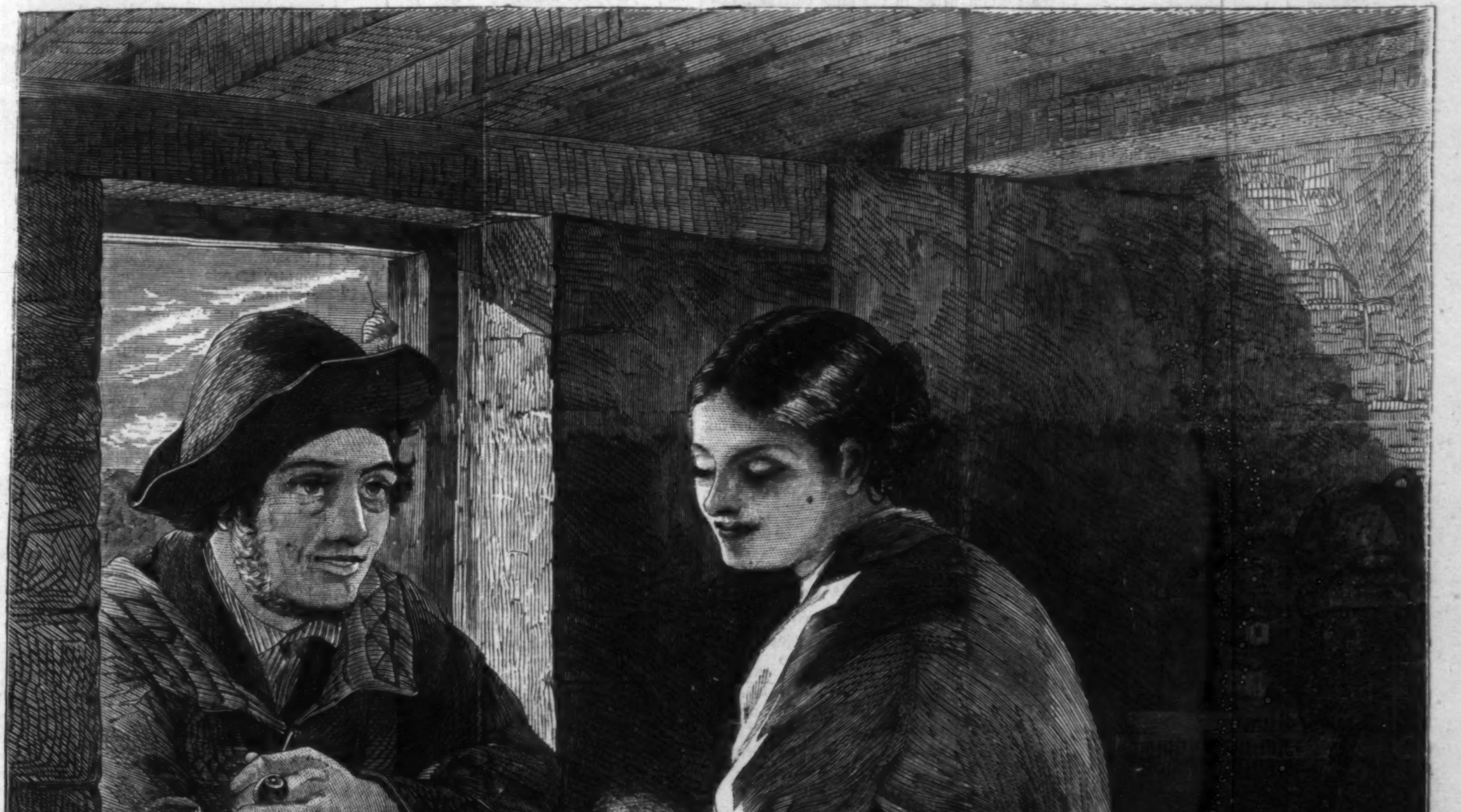


"RUSTIC COURTSHIP."—[By W. Lucas.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 15, 1865.

STATES AND STATE RIGHTS.

THE question of State rights is very unimportant compared with the question of national security. The people of the United States have exactly the same right to determine upon what conditions the rebel States shall be reorganized that they had to prevent the secession of those States from the Union. It is simple folly to speak of any part of the country or any body of citizens who are lying under the disabilities consequent upon rebellion having any right whatever to any share in the government of the country except upon the conditions which, in the opinion of the country, guarantee its safety.

In the dispassionate and patriotic, but, as it seems to us, illogical reasoning of many of our friends upon reorganization, they say that the duty of the Government under existing circumstances is, first, to adopt sure measures to secure the obedience of all citizens to the national Constitution, and, second, to preserve inviolate the rights guaranteed to the States by the national Constitution. But how if the measures which the country deems essential to the national security should require a violation of such rights? Is the nation to go constitutionally to destruction? Are the national rights of existence, or the State rights of internal regulation, to yield? Or, with the experience of the last four years, are we to assume that there can be no real collision between differing views of the limitations of State rights?

According to the view we are considering the State may have such a Constitution as it chooses, subject only to the condition that it be republican in form. If then, in the absolute sense claimed, a State always exists, this Constitution is the fundam[illegible] and an election held under it is [illegible] that case Mr. Clark and not Judge Sharkey is the Governor of the State of Mississippi. By what constitutional authority, then, according to this reasoning, is Judge Sharkey sent to Mississippi as Governor? Mr. Clark was elected by the voters under the State Constitution, which, by long sufferance, the United States had allowed to be republican. Mr. Clark is not impeached; he is not convicted of crime; but he is summarily set aside by the national authority. Grant that he is accused of high treason. Has a warrant been issued? And if he has been lawfully arrested to answer the charge, does not the government of the State devolve upon the Lieutenant-Governor? If that officer be similarly charged and arrested the constitutional provision must be made for the exigency. But all the late voters of the State are held to be incompetent. By what authority? The United States. Then the State has gone into abeyance or paralysis. Who decides that? The people of the State, the voters, the Constitution? No; it is decided in despite of them all by the United States. By what right? Solely that of superior force. On what ground? The national safety.

Now does any sober man seriously contend that the people of the United States, in their government, are constitutionally required to relinquish the exercise of that superior force except upon such conditions as seem to it necessary to secure the public safety? If they may require that the State Constitution shall be revised, may they not require that certain regulations shall be inserted in it? If they have authority to interfere in any degree with the local government of a State upon the ground of the public safety, have they not authority to interfere just so far as they think essential to secure the object of the interference? Granting that a State always exists, and that its political powers merely go into abeyance by rebellion—an expression evidently invented to conceal a want of precise perception—can those powers come out of abeyance except upon terms satisfactory to the authority that holds them there? If they can, upon what authority do they come? And if there be such an authority, is it not palpably superior to that which holds the powers in abeyance? If it be desperately urged that the Constitution of the United States is the authority, that is merely to say that the Constitution requires that the State political powers, which have been in abeyance because they endangered the nation, shall, when the nation is victorious, come out of abeyance, whether they endanger the nation or not—which is sheer nonsense.

In truth, freed from all these misty theories, which Mr. Lincoln so truly called "pernicious abstractions," one point is perfectly clear. The people of the United States, who have won a victory at countless cost of lives and money over the assumptions of State sovereignty, will not relinquish the fruits of that victory to any claim of State rights. The people of the States which have been in rebellion will not be allowed to exercise political power as States until they make their Constitutions conform to the general conviction of the requirements of the public safety. If the States are in abeyance they will not be in operation until the United States are satisfied that their operation is safe. This is common sense. This is the necessity of the case. This is the true doctrine of the Constitution as the people of the United States have just interpreted it by war.

THE LAST YEAR OF WAR.

The fiscal year 1864–'5 has ended, and we are now able to sum up the commercial results of another year of war. Returns from all the ports will not be forthcoming for some time. But of the trade of New York we have pretty accurate statements, and from these the aggregate commerce of the Union may be readily estimated.

New York, during the fiscal year ending 30th June ult., imported goods to the amount of $152,483,652, and exported produce to the amount of $204,103,229, and specie to the amount of $40,113,330. If the value of the exports and imports were returned from the Custom-house in the same currency, this showing would give a balance due the port of about $90,000,000. Unfortunately the exports are figured at their value in currency, while the imports are entered at their invoice, or specie, value. Thus if we calculate that, during the fiscal year 1864–'5, the average premium on gold was 100 per cent., which is not very wide of the mark, the true or specie value of our exports would be $102,051,614, instead of $204,103,229, as above stated, and the exchanges of the year would stand thus:

Imports		$152,483,652
Exports:		
Produce and merchandise	$102,051,614	
Specie	40,113,330	
		142,164,944
Balance against the port		$10,318,708

Before the war it was held that one-half the total exports of the United States were shipped from New York, and that two-thirds the total imports were entered here. Since the war, and the closing of the ports of New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, and other cotton-shipping ports, this proportion has been altered, as the following table will show:

Years.	Total Imports. $	At New York. $	Total Exports. $	From New York. $
1861–'2	205,819,823	142,660,342	229,790,280	164,400,745
1862–'3	262,287,587	177,283,484	331,809,459	237,598,442
1863–'4	341,670,265	215,257,317	445,791,370	222,871,402
1864–'5*	228,724,000	152,483,652	375,000,000	244,216,559

* Estimated.

If this estimate be correct, the operations of the year will stand as follows:

Imports, gold value		$228,724,000
Exports, currency value, say $315,000,000		
Reduced to gold value, on the basis of gold at 200	157,500,000	
Specie exported, say	60,000,000	
		217,500,000
Balance against the country		$11,224,000

Extending the comparison to the four years of war, we have the following results:

Imports in four years, gold value		$1,038,501,675
Exports:		
Specie, say	$300,000,000	
Produce, currency value	1,082,391,109	
Reduce to gold value on the basis of gold at 150	723,594,072	
		1,023,594,072
Balance against the country		$14,907,603

It must be borne in mind, however, that all such calculations as these are merely approximative. It is easy to understand that a larger quantity of domestic produce was shipped when gold was above 200 than when it was below that figure; thus, though it may be fair to call 200 the average for the year 1864–'5, the actual amount of gold realized by the shipments of that fiscal year may really have been, and probably were, less than one-half the currency value of those shipments. When gold rose above 250, our merchants shipped every thing they could lay hands upon—even hay to England—and the aggregate weekly clearances from New York sometimes exceeded seven million dollars. Such shipments realized much less than fifty cents on the dollar in gold.

The true balance of trade might perhaps be arrived at by a careful study of the rate of exchange, had not that usually reliable test been disturbed in this case by two powerful causes. In the first place, when the war broke out, and for two to three years subsequently, banks and rich men in the border States, and not a few prudent and faint-hearted capitalists at the North, remitted their money to Europe for safe keeping. This created at times a glut of exports, and caused violent perturbations in exchange without apparent cause. When Lee surrendered, on the other hand, these people recovered confidence in the United States Government, and wanted their money back again—which created an unexpected disturbance, and again convulsed the market.

In the second place, the European consumption of American securities has falsified all calculations based exclusively on the published trade tables. When exchange rose to 300 in Wall Street, and all the wise men predicted a collapse of the currency, the evil was averted by remittances of 5.20 Bonds to Holland. These remittances supplied the demand for exchange when it was most pressing, and the moment public confidence began to revive broke down the market altogether. Unfortunately, there is no registry any where of the amount of U. S. Bonds held in Europe. No two bankers agree within fifty or a hundred millions on the subject. It is known that there must be $100,000,000 of 5.20's in Germany and Holland, and there may be $200,000,000. It is also known that nearly all the Illinois Central stock, and one-half the Erie Railway stock, are held in Europe. But what the Europeans paid in gold for all these securities no human being can estimate. And until some estimate closely approximating to the truth shall have been made and admitted, no reliable calculations can be prosecuted with regard to the balance of trade.

There are some points, however, in the trade tables which may be relied on as containing reliable information concerning the past, and useful hints for the future.

Our importation of dry goods at the port of New York during the fiscal year 1864–'65 was less than fifty millions, about half what it used to be. This diminution was not altogether due to the exclusion of the South from our markets, for in 1863–'64 there were $83,234,966 of dry goods imported, and in 1862–'63 $61,963,037. It was the fruit partly of economies forced on the people by the high price of goods, resulting from the depreciation of the currency, and partly of the present high tariff, which to a great extent has driven foreigners out of our markets. Among importers the impression prevails that the foreign dry-goods trade will not revive for many years. The duties are so high that our manufacturers can undersell foreigners in almost every branch; and though in the ordinary course of events our present tariff will naturally give place in time to one more in harmony with the spirit of the age and the true principles of political economy, yet still the condition of the Treasury is such, and the peril of disturbing confidence in the national securities so formidable, that many years will probably elapse before foreigners regain the position they once enjoyed in our dry-goods markets.

On the other hand, if it be probable that our consumption of foreign dry goods is destined to decline—and the same principles apply to our consumption of other foreign manufactures—it seems also likely that the United States have ceased to be one of the great food-exporting countries of the world. Improved agricultural processes, and the development of steam navigation in Europe on the one hand, and on the other, increased taxation and increased population in the United States, are likely to shut out our breadstuffs, practically, from the ports of Europe. Occasionally, when harvests fail in Europe, or when accident gluts our markets on the sea-board, shipments may be made on the old scale. But as a rule, it will probably be found that in an average of years we require all the food we grow for our own consumption, and that when England requires grain she can get it more cheaply from her European neighbors than from us.

The future of the cotton trade is so interwoven with political and economical questions concerning the new labor system of the South, that very little can be safely predicted on the subject. It seems certain that, with the negro in a state of freedom, some years must elapse before the crop reaches the old figures of 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 bales. And it is equally certain that, with our present tariff, our domestic consumption will rise much above the old average of 700,000 bales. But between these two figures, all is uncertainty. How much cotton will free negroes agree to raise? How much will New England require to supply cotton goods for 30,000,000 of people, to say nothing of exports to Mexico, South America, and the countries beyond the Cape?

The country is going through a commercial as well as a political revolution, and the results of the one may be as astounding as those of the other.

DE SAUTY AND THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

If we should chance to read in the morning paper that the ancient mariner with the albatross around his neck had just landed at the Battery our emotions would be like those with which, in reading of the preparations for laying the new Atlantic cable, we observed that "Mr. De Sauty is in charge of the electrical condition of the cable for the makers." This is surely the gentleman whose name used to be signed to those depressing dispatches which appeared every morning just after the former experiment of the cable in the years before the war. It seemed as if he must be growing gray and mossy—as if far away upon some lonely Nova Scotian or Newfoundland shore he were waiting and waiting and endlessly waiting for shocks from the other side of the sea, while sea-weed climbed over him, and the slimy ooze of the ocean surrounded him, and barnacles fastened to his feet. His figure gradually faded out of all human relations, and we thought of De Saulcy, or De Sauty, or whatever his ancient name may have been, as we think of old stone Tritons in fountains, or antique sea-gods, with broken limbs and obliterated features, sunk upon the margin of the sea.

And now he reappears like the most living of men. The great experiment is to be once more tried. The *Great Eastern* is about arriving at Valentia with seven thousand tons of cable in her hold. Her total weight is about twenty-one thousand tons. At Valentia the *Terrible* and the *Sphinx*, ships of war, will meet her. The great ship will not come nearer to the coast than twenty or twenty-five miles. Over that distance the cable will be already laid; and when the end of the shore-line is spliced to that of the deep-sea-line, which will take some five hours, she will sail for the American coast at the rate of six miles an hour, and at the season of the year most secure from storms. Along the course on which the cable is to be laid the depth of water is from fifteen to twenty-five hundred fathoms. As the ship proceeds constant messages will be sent backward to the shore; and should all kind fates favor, the *Great Eastern* will arrive upon this side on some day between the 20th of July and the 1st of August; and among her passengers will be Mr. De Sauty.

In the old legend the melody which had been breathed into the enchanted horn years and years before, suddenly, at the right moment, melted and flowed rapturously forth; and the ancient knights, as if alive, seemed gayly blowing pleasant tunes. So, let us hope, the wire to which such myriad silent messages were confided will now, in its new form, restore them audibly, and the mythical De Sauty will seem once more a living being.

THE NEW SYSTEM.

There is no doubt that the ample resources of the magnificent State of Virginia and the advantages of the other Southern States will at last be fully developed. The destruction of the feudal system of society which has blighted those pleasant regions from the beginning leaves a country sparely peopled and with few of the appliances of modern civilization, but nobly furnished with water ways and power, with the softest climate and a generous soil. To the great body of laborers native to the region will be added a large and rapid immigration from the more northern States. The blood of many races will commingle. The spirit of an active and industrious people will electrify the sluggishness of feudalism. Capital in large and small sums pouring in and possessing itself of vast tracts of land will bring with it enterprise and knowledge. The country will be covered with small estates—the safety of a nation; school-houses will spring up at the four corners of cross-roads; churches of a purer doctrine will bless a happier people; and all this will be done naturally, simply, and without violent shocks, if the people of this country wisely use the present golden moment.

It is a time of transition. In the present flexible state of men's minds many things are easily possible which will become impracticable a little later. The old forms of society being disturbed and destroyed must be effectually and summarily removed, or the ruins will be no less dangerous than unsightly. It is therefore of the utmost importance that every thing which tends to preserve the ruins should be forbidden, and every thing encouraged which aims to rear the new order. Combinations of capital against labor such as those in Virginia, which threaten to pay five dollars a month to able hands, are merely spiteful efforts to perplex the situation. General Howard, Chief of the Freedman's Bureau, has very properly refused to allow his subordinates to prescribe any inflexible terms, while General Hartsuff has most wisely ordered that no more meetings shall be held within his military jurisdiction to fix a price for the labor of a certain class of workmen; but that in every case the commanding officers of counties shall see that the wages paid are honest living wages. General Terry also, as we mentioned last week, has ordered that every innocent citizen of the United States in the State of Virginia shall enjoy perfectly equal rights before the laws, going and coming, and making such contracts as he chooses.

It will be much pleasanter for all concerned if the people of the late rebel section conform their action to the inevitable facts of the case. Indeed their common-sense is now upon trial. There must be, in the Southern States, some sagacious men who see that such stupidity as that of the Virginians, who begin the work of reorganization by arraying themselves in hostility to the great laboring population, postpones the hope of a prosperous future for many a year. In South Carolina, indeed, some signs of a truly reasonable spirit begin to manifest themselves. Some of the leading planters, we are informed, propose to hold a meeting with some of the intelligent colored people, to agree upon a fair system of labor. A Land Company is also proposed, which will divide half a million of acres of land into fifty and one hundred acre farms, to be sold upon easy terms. And we already hear of intelligent young men at the North and West who propose to buy lands in the Southern States at the very reasonable rates which must long rule there.

The slaveholding class of the Southern States always insisted that emancipation had ruined the West Indies, and they quoted the massacres of St. Domingo as the inevitable consequence of liberty. But even if that were so—and it is not—do not these gentlemen remember that we have just seen in Andersonville, Millen, Salisbury, and Belle Isle the inevitable consequences of slavery. And if they would now give themselves the trouble to read history, and to learn the facts, they would discover that the difficulty in Jamaica, for instance—which was said to afford the most signal illustration of the failure of emancipation—proceeded from the planters and not from the slaves; and that it was the attempt to re-enslave the laborers in St. Domingo which produced what are called "the horrors" of that island. If the farmers of the Southern States will treat their laboring hands as fairly and squarely as the farmers of the West and East treat theirs, there will be no more trouble than in those States. The colored people are certainly not vicious nor blood-thirsty. If the whites are sensible and honorable, the new system will be established without difficulty.

FRESH RAILROAD MASSACRES.

RAILROAD accidents are again incessant and frightful. They are also criminal. The collision upon the Harlem track between the Harlem and New Haven trains was inexcusable. The catastrophe upon the Hudson River road was exasperatingly unnecessary. The slaughters of the last few months at the West are horrible. In the first instance the tracks are laid upon a lofty bridge so near that *the tops of the cars struck each other.* The only excuse we have seen is that the weight of the trains probably pressed the bridge so as to bring the tracks together. Very possibly; and the consequent collision was probably the occasion of the broken arms and legs. To describe a crime is not to excuse it. Why were the tracks laid so near to each other that such an accident was possible? In the second case, the switch-tender had so much to do that he was unable to do every thing, and the thing he could not do on this occasion was to turn the switch. The train was consequently thrown into the river.

The disasters that are escaped also are frightful to contemplate. During a violent gust a short time since several willow-trees fell directly across the track of the Erie Railway just as the express train came thundering up, and the train was barely stopped in time to escape with shattered windows in some of the cars. A few evenings ago as two trains were proceeding upon the same road, the express in front and the following train not five minutes behind, a huge willow-tree fell full across the track between them. The second train was fortunately stopped in time, but had the tree fallen an instant later the crash would have been fearful—destroying the car upon which it fell, and, of course, hurling the train from the track.

Constant travelers by the Erie road speak of a habit of planting willow-trees along the line, apparently for ornament. But it is a constant danger to the public, for no trees are more liable to split and fall than the willow. Indeed any kind of tree should be very sagaciously selected for planting along a railroad track. It is in this kind of observation and public report that the daily travelers by railroads into the city can exercise a wholesome supervision of their condition and management. Travelers may be very sure that if they are not alert and watchful the companies will not be. Whoever trusts himself to a train should do all he can to insure his own safety, and that of his neighbors, by reporting every instance of negligence and mismanagement, not merely to the railroad-office but to the papers.

THE STATE OF PARTIES.

FOR the first time there are no political parties in this country. In Vermont the Union Convention pronounces for equal suffrage in the reorganized States, and heartily supports the President. In the same State the "Democratic" Convention resolves that man means white man, denounces colored suffrage, and heartily supports the President; while the chief committee and the papers of the party, which during the last political campaign slandered Mr. JOHNSON with unparalleled ferocity, and advocated against him the election of a candidate who believed in the right of secession, now wait in trembling hope that the President may not prove to be the man they believed him to be. This state of affairs is due to the fact that the unprecedented condition of the country requires that the policy of the Administration should, for the present, be tentative, and not positive.

Our late party divisions were upon the question of slavery. The Democratic party, under a plea of State rights, was the apologist, defender, and extender of slavery. The Republican party, leaving the question, so far as the States were concerned, to the judgment of the States in which it was established, claimed that in the territory belonging to the United States the United States might and should prohibit it. The question was vital. It was really a question of the truth of our principles and the quality of our government. It was a conflict between caste and equal rights—between privilege and the people, and came, of necessity, to the final decision of arms. The war abolished slavery, and freed the States as well as the Territories. It abolished also the parties founded upon the question of slavery. In the lull after the exhausting excitement of the war the new issues are not very plainly seen. When they are seen, and when the Administration has declared itself, parties will naturally arise.

Thus far the administration of Mr. JOHNSON has done nothing but open the ports, issue the amnesty, and appoint provisional governors, upon conditions which refer the reorganization of the rebel States to Congress. In all that the President has said he shows that he regards emancipation as a fixed and final fact. In his proclamations appointing governors he indicates his opinion that as a State can not cease to exist, the part of the population which the Constitution of the State at the time of secession recognized as the people must alone be allowed to vote, in the first instance, upon reorganization. But their action is in no sense to be final. In this posture of affairs it is certainly easy for every convention to approve the course of the President. But to speak of him as having "TYLERIZED" the Government—in other words, to accuse him of betrayal of the principles upon which he was elected—is mere folly.

Meanwhile the tactics of the Copperhead politicians are plain. They hope that the political power of the unorganized States will be intrusted exclusively to the white citizens; that hatred of the colored citizens will unite the holders of this power in every Southern State; that with these holders the various fragments of opposition to the Union party in the Northern and Western States will combine; and that the President, favoring reorganization by white suffrage, will be so zealously opposed by the majority of the Union party as to be thrown into the hands of the new alliance, which will call itself the old Democratic party, claim the President as an original Democrat, and run for luck.

But whatever the politicians may propose, there is no doubt that the people of this country will take whatever measures they shall think necessary to secure permanently the peace which they have won. They will not allow any theory of State rights to interfere with the national unity and welfare; and having learned by sharp experience the consequences of treating a part of the population as brutes, they will naturally resolve that they will try treating them as men. As for the President he stands exactly upon the platform which he accepted at his nomination. His course is moderate like that of his predecessor, and like him he shows himself chiefly anxious to do what the American people wish to have done.

THE BLESSED INVENTION OF SLEEP.

THE old mole is working in the earth pretty fast. "In Georgia," writes a correspondent of the New York *Times*, "the rebel Governor BROWN and his friends are laboring to obtain control of the State government in order to secure the payment of the $15,000,000 of bonds issued while in rebellion. This is a condition of their loyalty to the Government, and it is only to be defeated by the appointment of a military Governor intensely and unconditionally loyal and incorruptible."

Suppose the same course adopted in the other unorganized States, and that the late rebels having duly taken the oath control the political power in all of them and adopt the State share of the rebel debt, shall we then be told that the Government of the United States can not relieve any of its citizens who are taxed by a State to pay the expenses of an abortive rebellion against the Union? This Governor BROWN is probably a large holder of the rebel bonds of Georgia as he was also a very conspicuous rebel. If he and his friends are to reorganize the State, is any body so pleasingly innocent as to suppose that the military expenses of the United States will immediately disappear? Will Governor BROWN and his friends make a loyal State of Georgia? Is it not, upon the whole, wiser and cheaper not to have any State of Georgia for the present than such a State as these gentlemen would give us? We do not say that the State of Georgia has actually ceased to exist. Let us say merely that it is asleep. Is it, then, worth while under such circumstances to awaken it just now?

That is the very question now to be answered. If Governor BROWN and his friends do obtain the power in the State, there is no man in the country who would see sooner than President JOHNSON that she had better be allowed to take a little longer nap.

A CLEAR-HEADED SAILOR.

CAPTAIN CHARLES S. BOGGS deserves well of his country. On the 24th of February Captain BOGGS, in command of the United States steamer *Connecticut*, arrived at St. George's, Bermuda, and the pilot showed him a circular of her Britannic Majesty ordering all Federal or Confederate vessels of war to anchor in a certain spot. Captain BOGGS anchored where he chose. The next day he was invited, by a gun-boat, to call upon the Governor. The Governor asked him if he had not seen the Queen's circular. Captain BOGGS replied that he had seen a circular directing that all Federal or Confederate vessels should anchor in a certain spot; "but, as I am in command of neither of them, I took the liberty to use my own discretion." The Governor, with a face of blank astonishment, asked: "What do you command?" And the true-hearted and clear headed sailor replied, "I have the honor to command a United States man-of-war."

Captain BOGGS understands distinctly that the United States are not a league, a federation, or a confederation, but a nation. They are indissolubly united into one people, and no State or combination of States, no citizen or combination of citizens, can permanently disturb that unity. General GRANT is not a Federal officer, he is a United States officer. ANDREW JOHNSON is not the Federal President, he is President of the United States. It was convenient and cunning in the English Government to assume an accomplished separation by describing the Government of the United States as the Federal, and the rebellion as the Confederate power. It was as if, in case of a British rebellion in Kent or Yorkshire, the British Government should be systematically called by us, or any "neutral" country, the Government at Westminster, and the rebels as the Government in Kent, or elsewhere.

Captain BOGGS taught her Britannic Majesty's Governor of Bermuda a very necessary lesson, and he deserves the thanks of his country for it. And it is a lesson which we should all do well to ponder.

GENERAL JEFF THOMPSON'S FAREWELL SPEECH.

GENERAL JEFF THOMPSON, as we are reminded, kindly treated many Union prisoners, and even General BUTLER interested himself for his exchange when a prisoner in our hands. General JEFF made a speech to his soldiers at Jacksonsport, Arkansas, upon surrendering them, which is reported in a St. Louis journal, and is very characteristic of the man. It is too long for us to reprint, but there are some lively passages which are worth attention:

"Many of the 8000 men I now see around me, very many of you, have been skulking for the last three years in the swamps within a few miles of our own homes—skulking duty—and during that time have not seen your own children. I see many faces about me that have not been seen by mortal man for the last three years; and what have you been doing all that time? Why, you have been lying in the swamps until the moss has grown six inches long on your backs; and such men call themselves 'chivalrous soldiers.' A few weeks ago General REYNOLDS sent a flag of truce to my head-quarters, and I sent out to gather up a respectable force to meet those officers, and not one of you responded. A few days later, when Colonel DAVIS and Captain BENNETT, of General DODGE's staff, bore dispatches to me from that general, I again attempted to call about me enough of you to make a respectable show, and how many of these brave 8000 men reported at the call? *One sore-eyed man with green goggles.* But you rally like brave and gallant men around Uncle Sam's commissary stores, and I now come to surrender you, and hope you will make better citizens than you have soldiers.

* * * * * * *

"Those of you who had arms, with a very few exceptions, have left them at home, and those who had Government horses have failed to report them here. Now let me say to you one and all, those of you who have retained your arms, as soon as you get home take them to the nearest military post and deliver them up, or burn them, or get rid of them in some manner, for as sure as there is a God in heaven if they are found in your houses, just so sure will your houses be burned to the ground; and I hope to God every one of you who keep good arms or property of any kind in your houses will be hanged, and you will too.

* * * * * * *

"Now I want you to go home and work hard and take care of your families, work early and late and get up at night and see if your crops are growing. Above all things avoid political discussions. If any man says *nigger* to you, swear that you never knew nor saw one in your life. We have talked about the niggers for forty years and have been out-talked, we have fought four years for the niggers and have been d—d badly whipped, and now it is not '*your put;*' the Yankees have won the nigger, and will do what they please with him, and you have no say in the matter; if they want him they will take him, and if they say that you must keep him you have to do it and no mistake. I tell you that you have no say in the matter, and you oughtn't to have any. Go home and stay there, don't go any where but to mill, don't go to church for the ministers will put knots and mischief in your heads and get you into trouble. Be good citizens, and then those of you who have been good, honest, and brave soldiers have nothing to fear; but I warn those of you who have been nothing but sneaking, cowardly jay-hawkers, cut-throats, and thieves, that a just retribution awaits you, and I hope to God that the Federal authorities will hang you wherever and whenever they find you, and they will do it sure.

* * * * * * *

"Do not complain if you are not permitted to have a voice in elections and civil affairs. You have forfeited all such rights, and it now becomes you to submit to such laws and regulations as the Federal authorities may deem proper to enact. I believe, and know that they will do the best they can for you, especially if you show henceforth that you now desire to merit their confidence by a strict obedience to the laws where you may reside. We are conquered, subjugated; we have no rights, but must accept such privileges and favors as the Government may see proper to bestow upon us."

A CAPTURED BATTLE-FLAG.

STAINED with the smoke of battle,
  And seamed with the battle's scars,
Is this flag of the great Rebellion,
  With the flaunting rebel bars—
This flag which was held by traitors
  More dear than the stripes and stars.

Seamed and smoke-stained and tattered
  By the shrieking shot and shell,
What tales of the gory conflict
  Do its torn folds mutely tell,
Of the rush and roar of battle,
  And the brave who round it fell!

What tongue shall rehearse the story
  Of these cruel, blood-stained years?
What startled echo answer
  The groans and the ringing cheers?
What joy be cast in the balance
  With the weight of bitter tears?

They fought for it long and nobly,
  As only the brave may fight,
But all in vain was their valor,
  For the Lord was with the Right—
The Lord with his mighty legions,
  Unseen of mortal sight.

Never again shall it glisten
  'Mid the battle's fiery blast—
This flag of the Southern traitor
  Is a thing of the buried Past;
And the cause which warr'd with Freedom
  Has fall'n to earth at last.

But the flag of the glorious Union
  Shall float o'er the land of the brave,
From the shores of the blue Atlantic
  To the far Pacific's wave,
O'er Liberty's rock-bound cradle
  And Slavery's blood-bought grave!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH.

NEVER before has the nation celebrated its great anniversary with so much fervor and meaning as this year. The Fourth of July has been a white day in the calendar of this war. That day saw the two great victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, which turned the fortunes of the war decidedly in our favor. Since then the exhaustion of the Southern Confederacy has been rapid; and upon the return of the day this year we were able to bury the infamous treason forever from our sight.

Among the particular celebrations of the day worthy of notice were those at Saratoga and Gettysburg. At Saratoga there was a galaxy of military men. At Gettysburg the corner-stone of the monument at the Soldiers' National Cemetery was laid with solemn and splendid ceremony. Oliver O. Howard pronounced the oration of the day. The poem, written for the occasion by Col. Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), and which we print on page 438, is, for fervor and depth of sentiment, one of the grandest of poetic efforts.

RECONSTRUCTION.

President Johnson, on July 1, appointed Benjamin F. Perry to be Provisional Governor of South Carolina.

Governor Perry was born in Pickens District, South Carolina, November 20, 1805, and is descended from the same Massachusetts family with Oliver H. Perry. His father fought in the Revolution. In 1824 Governor Perry entered a law-office, and was three years afterward admitted to the bar. During the nullification contest of 1832 he edited a newspaper opposed to Calhoun's doctrines. He was a delegate to the Union Convention at Columbia in 1832. In 1836, and again in 1838, he was elected to the State Legislature, and in 1844 became a member of the State Senate. He was the only one of that body who voted against the expulsion from South Carolina of Mr. Hoar, the Massachusetts State agent.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The history of the Army of the Potomac may be said to have closed June 29, when General Meade issued his farewell address to the troops. The address is as follows:

"SOLDIERS,—This day two years ago I assumed command of you under the orders of the President of the United States. To-day, by virtue of the same authority, the army ceasing to exist, I have to announce my transfer to other duties and my separation from you. It is unnecessary to enumerate all that has occurred in these two eventful years, from the grand and decisive battle of Gettysburg—the turning point of the war—to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Court House. Suffice it to say that history will do you justice. A grateful country will honor the living, cherish and support the disabled, and sincerely mourn the dead. In parting from you your commanding General will ever bear in memory your noble devotion to your country, your patience and cheerfulness under all the privations and sacrifices you have been called on to endure.

"Soldiers!—Having accomplished the work set before us, having vindicated the honor and integrity of our Government and flag, let us return thanks to Almighty God for his blessing in granting us victory and peace, and let us earnestly pray for strength and light to discharge our duties as citizens, as we have endeavored to discharge them as soldiers. GEORGE G. MEADE,

"Major-General United States Army."

All the volunteer artillery in General Meade's military division are to be mustered out of service.

NEWS ITEMS.

Captain Loomis L. Langdon, Chief of Artillery of General Weitzel's Corps, left Fortress Monroe June 6, on board the steamship *Crescent*. General Weitzel was on board the same vessel. The *Crescent* reached Mobile on the 15th, and on the 16th arrived at New Orleans. Here General Granger, who commands all the troops in Texas, came on board. His head-quarters are at Galveston, whether he would be conveyed by the *Crescent*. General Weitzel's troops will be divided in garrisons at Indianola, Victoria, and Brownsville. General Steele had already arrived at the latter place. Weitzel's corps alone numbers twenty-three thousand men.

Major-General E. O. C. Ord, lately commanding the Department of Virginia, has been assigned to the command of the Department of Ohio.

In answer to a reception address at the Burnett House, Cincinnati, on Friday evening, June 30, General Sherman stated this interesting fact: "It was here in this city, in this very hotel, through which I passed to reach this spot, that General Grant and myself met over a year since; and in that very room we laid down the maps and studied out the campaigns which ended this war. I had been away down in Mississippi attending to a little matter there, and when General Grant and myself ended our conference here, we separated, he to go to Richmond and I to Atlanta, and the result has been just as we planned it here in 1864."

The Treasury comes into the new year with a surplus in gold and silver of about $35,000,000, including the appropriations made to pay the present July interest on the Public Debt, and not yet called for.

It is expected that the Atlantic Telegraph will be all laid by July 20.

General Butler has presented $5000 to Phillips Academy, Andover, to provide a free scholarship, fifty years, for the son of a soldier—white or black—disabled in the war.

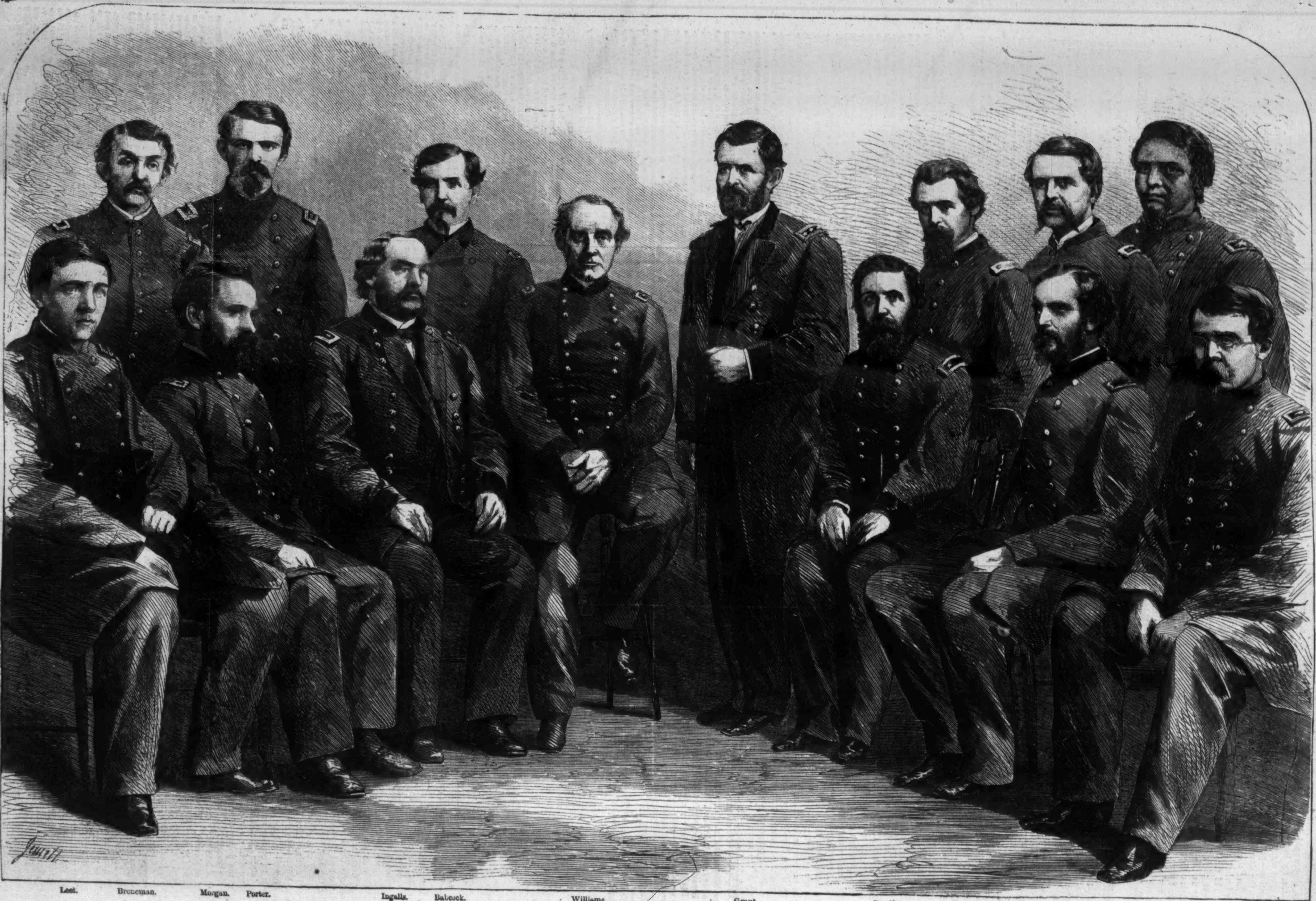
General Canby arrived at Cairo on the 26th of June.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE recent conferences between the Canadian delegates and the British Government have been concluded and their result, says the London *Times*, is "that the colonies have received assurances of their complete liberty of action in every thing that relates to themselves." The home Government has declared its intention to use every proper means to carry into effect without delay the proposed confederation of the Canadian Provinces. The Canadian deputation has expressed the desire of Canada to devote her whole resources both in men and money for the maintenance of her connection with the mother country. The Canadian Parliament has increased its expenditure on the militia from $800,000 to $1,000,000.

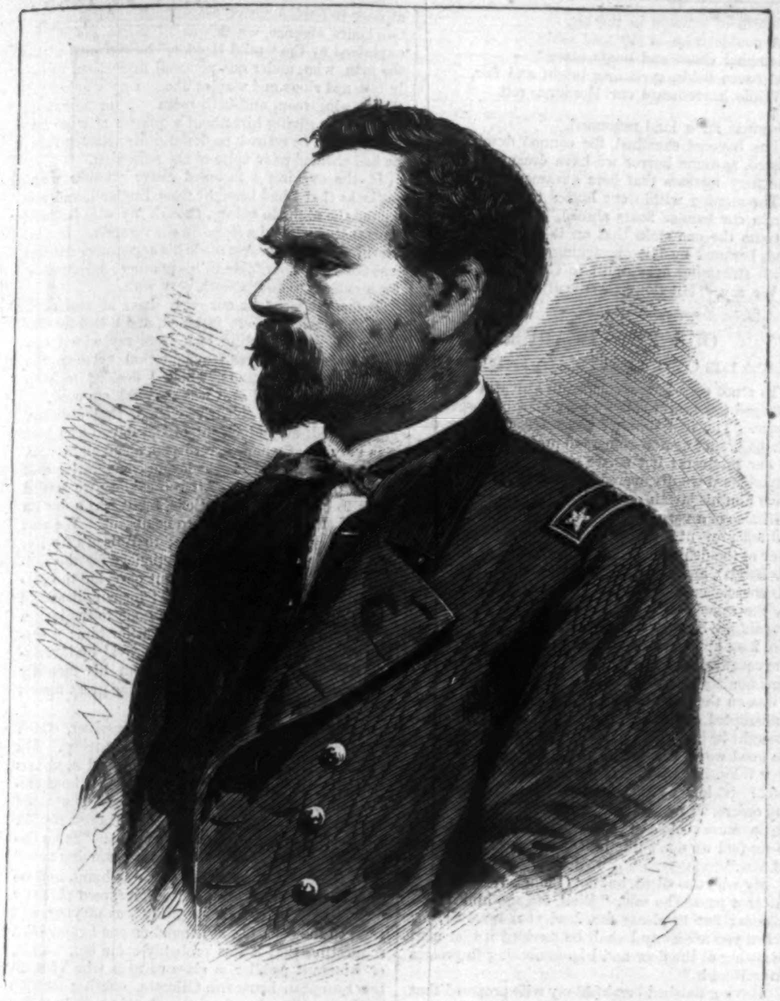
It appears that difficulties have arisen in the negotiations going on between Italy and Rome. The Papal court though willing to reduce the number of bishoprics, refuses to require the bishops to take the oath of allegiance to the King of Italy.

The Prussian Chambers were closed June 17. Herr Bismark read the speech from the Throne, which complains of the difficulties which the Lower House has placed in the way of the ministry to the detriment of the general welfare. The Chambers has refused demands which the Government was compelled to make, and has made demands which the Government can not yield. In effect the King says that he must conduct the Government after his own manner, irrespective of the House.

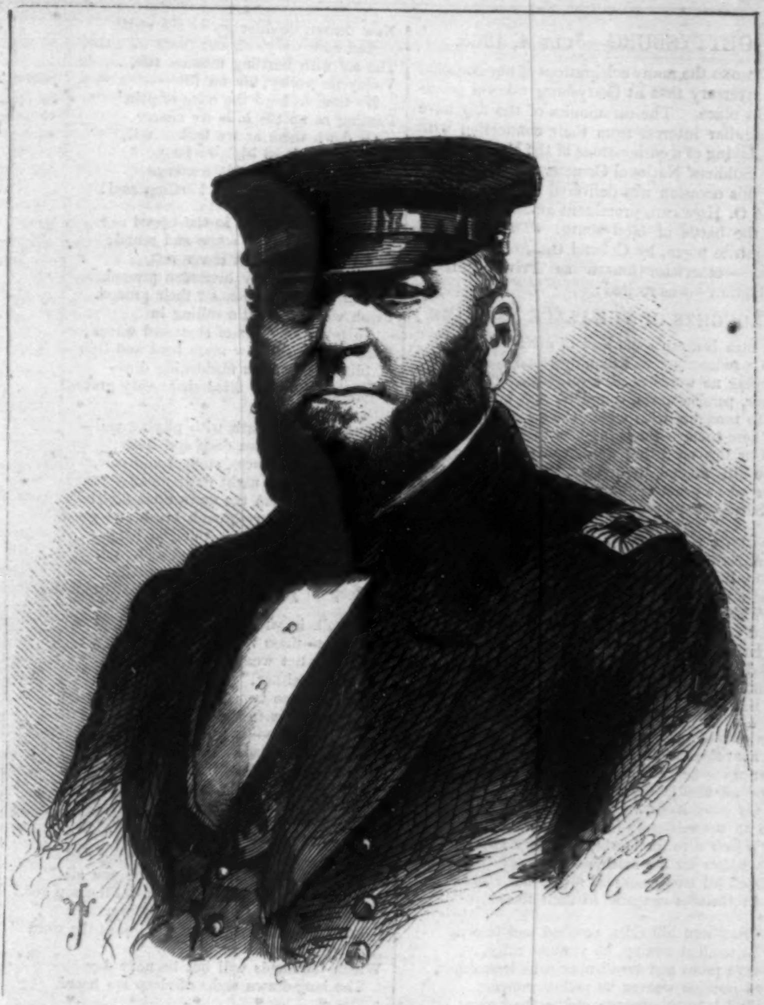


Leet. Breneman. Morgan. Porter. Ingalls. Babcock. Williams. Grant. Rawlins. Bowers. Webster. Comstock. Parker. Badeau.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT AND STAFF.



MAJOR-GENERAL P. J. OSTERHAUS.—[Photographed by George N. Barnard.]



ADMIRAL LOUIS M. GOLDSBOROUGH.

THE EUROPEAN SQUADRON.

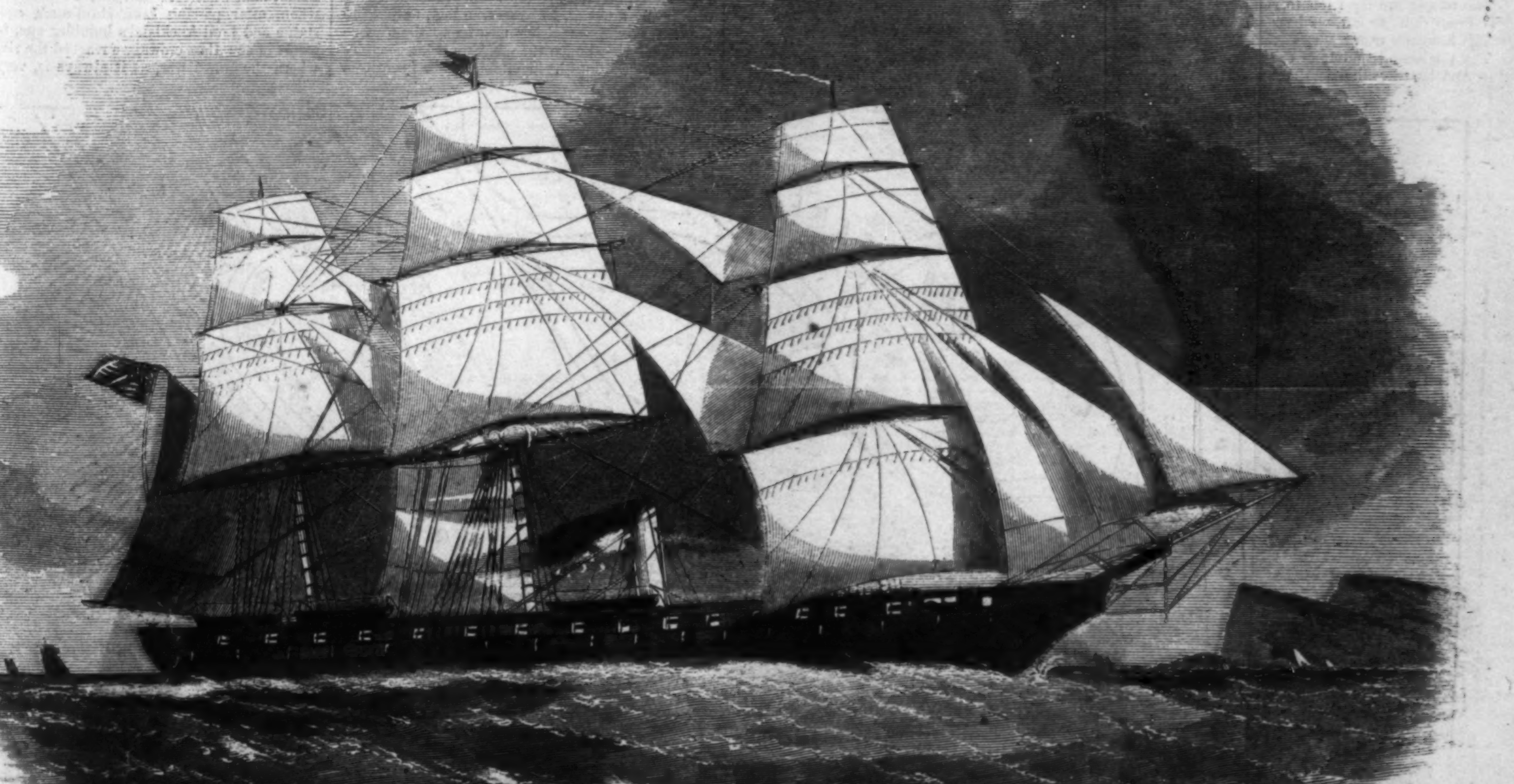
On Wednesday, June 21, Admiral Goldsborough, on board the flag-ship *Colorado*, sailed from the Brooklyn Navy-yard to take the command of our European Squadron. Most of the vessels of this squadron are already in European waters. The *Kearsarge* at latest accounts was at Lisbon. The *Niagara* and the *Sacramento* join this fleet, which is destined soon to occupy the waters of the Mediterranean.

The *Colorado* is a screw frigate, and has been undergoing a thorough repair at the Navy-yard since its last engagement at Fort Fisher. The *Frolic* accompanied the vessel as tender. Other vessels will join the fleet during the summer.

Admiral Louis M. Goldsborough, commanding the squadron, was born in the District of Columbia, from which District he received his appointment in the United States Navy. His first entrance into the navy bears date June 13, 1812. He has been more than half a century in the service, over eighteen of which he has passed at sea. After the proclamation instituting a blockade of the Southern ports he was transferred from the *Congress* to the command of a portion of the Atlantic Blockading Squadron. As naval commander he co-operated with General Burnside in the important battle of Roanoke Island at the beginning of the year 1862. His services on that occasion, his extensive experience in naval affairs, and his perfect mastery of the French and Spanish, fully justify his appointment to the important command which he now assumes.

MAJOR-GENERAL OSTERHAUS.

Major-General Osterhaus, who has been recently appointed to the command of the Mississippi Department, is an officer of the volunteer army. At the battle of Pea Ridge he was simply the Colonel of a regiment. The war has been his only military school—he was never at West Point—and here he has graduated with high honors. He has been from the first connected with the Western army, and from St. Louis to Atlanta he followed the fortunes of that army. In whatever position he has been placed—and he has passed all the grades from the lowest to that of a Major-General—he has contributed in an important degree to nearly every one of our great victories in the West. His name in the history of this war will rank with the noblest.



THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "COLORADO," FLAG-SHIP OF ADMIRAL GOLDSBOROUGH.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

GETTYSBURG—JULY 4, 1865.

AMONG the many celebrations of our National Anniversary that at Gettysburg takes a prominent place. The ceremonies of the day have a peculiar interest from their connection with the laying of a corner-stone of the Monument in the Soldiers' National Cemetery. The oration on this occasion was delivered by General OLIVER O. HOWARD, prominent among the heroes of the battle of Gettysburg. The following exquisite poem, by Colonel CHARLES G. HALPINE—otherwise known as Private MILES O'REILLY—was recited:

THOUGHTS OF THE PLACE AND TIME.

As men beneath some load of grief
Or sudden joy will dumbly stand,
Finding no words to give relief—
Clear, passion-warm, complete, and brief—
To thoughts with which their souls expand;
So here to-day—these trophies nigh—
Our lips no fitting words can reach;
The hills around, the graves, the sky—
The silent poem of the eye
Surpasses all the art of speech!

To-day, a Nation meets to build
A Nation's trophy to the dead
Who, living, formed her sword and shield—
The arms she sadly learned to wield
When other hope of peace had fled.
And not alone for those who lie
In honored graves before us blent,
Shall our proud column, broad and high,
Climb upward to the blessing sky,
But be for all a monument.

An emblem of our grief, as well
For others as for these, we raise;
For these beneath our feet who dwell,
And all who in the good cause fell
On other fields, in other frays.
To all the self-same love we bear
Which here for marbled memory strives;
No soldier for a wreath would care
Which all true comrades might not share—
Brothers in death as in their lives!

On Southern hill-sides, parched and brown,
In tangled swamp, on verdant ridge,
Where pines and broadening oaks look down,
And jasmine weaves its yellow crown,
And trumpet-creepers clothe the hedge;
Along the shores of endless sand,
Beneath the palms of Southern plains,
Sleep every where, hand locked in hand,
The brothers of the gallant band
Who here poured life through throbbing veins.

Around the closing eyes of all
The same red glories glared and flew—
The hurrying flags, the bugle-call,
The whistle of the angry ball,
The elbow-touch of comrades true!
The skirmish-fire—a spattering spray;
The sharling growl of fire by file,
The thickening fury of the fray
When opening batteries get in play,
And the lines form o'er many a mile.

The foeman's yell, our answering cheer,
Red flashes through the gathering smoke,
Swift orders, resonant and clear,
Blithe cries from comrades tried and dear,
The shell-scream and the sabre-stroke;
The rolling fire from left to right,
From right to left, we hear it swell;
The headlong charges, swift and bright,
The thickening tumult of the fight
And bursting thunders of the shell.

Now denser, deadlier grows the strife,
And here we yield, and there we gain;
The air with hurtling missiles rife,
Volley for volley, life for life—
No time to heed the cries of pain!
Panting as up the hills we charge,
Or down them as we broken roll,
Life never felt so high, so large,
And never o'er so wide a marge
In triumph swept the kindling soul!

New raptures waken in the breast
Amid this hell of scene and sound;
The barking batteries never rest,
And broken foot, by horsemen pressed,
Still stubbornly contest their ground.
Fresh waves of battle rolling in
To take the place of shattered waves;
Torn lines that grow more bent and thin—
A blinding cloud, a maddening din—
'Twas thus were filled these very graves!

* * * * *

Night falls at length with pitying veil—
A moonlit silence deep and fresh;
These upturned faces, stained and pale,
Vainly the chill night dews assail—
For colder than the dews their flesh!
And flickering far through brush and wood
Go searching-parties, torch in hand—
"Seize if you can some rest and food,
At dawn the fight will be renewed,
Sleep on your arms!" the hushed command.

They talk in whispers as they lie
In line—these rough and weary men;
"Dead or but wounded?" then a sigh;
"No coffee either!" "Guess we'll try
To get those two guns back again."
"We five flags to their one! oho!"
"That bridge—'twas hot there as we passed!"
"The colonel dead! It can't be so;
Wounded and badly—that I know:
But he kept saddle to the last."

"Be sure to send it if I fall—"
"Any tobacco? Bill, have you?"
"A brown-haired, blue-eyed, laughing doll—"
"Good-night, boys, and God keep you all!"
"What! sound asleep? Guess I'll sleep too."
"Yes, just about this hour they pray
For Dad—." "Stop talking! pass the word!"
And soon as quiet as the clay
Which thousands will but be next day
The long-drawn sighs of sleep are heard.

* * * * *

Oh, men! to whom this sketch, though rude,
Calls back some scene of pain and pride;
Oh, widow! hugging close your brood,
Oh, wife! with happiness renewed,
Since he again is at your side;
This trophy that to-day we raise
Should be a monument for all;
And on its sides no niggard phrase
Confine a generous Nation's praise
To those who here have chanced to fall.

But let us all to-day combine
Still other monuments to raise;
Here for the Dead we build a shrine;
And now to those who, crippled, pine
Let us give hope of happier days!
Let Homes for these sad wrecks of war
Through all the land with speed arise;
Tongues cry from every gaping scar,
"Let not our brother's tomb debar
The wounded living from your eyes."

A noble day, a deed as good,
A noble scene in which 'tis done,
The Birthday of our Nationhood:
And here again the Nation stood
On this same day—its life re-won!
A bloom of banners in the air,
A double calm of sky and soul;
Triumphal chant and bugle blare,
And green fields, spreading bright and fair,
While heavenward our Hosannas roll.

Hosannas for a land redeemed,
The bayonet sheathed, the cannon dumb;
Passed, as some horror we have dreamed,
The fiery meteors that here streamed,
Threatening within our homes to come!
Again our banner floats abroad,
Gone the one stain that on it fell—
And, bettered by His chastening rod,
With streaming eyes uplift to God
We say, "HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

OUR NEW BEARER.

A TALE OF LIFE IN CALCUTTA.

IN a not very long residence in Calcutta we had changed our bearer (for we only kept one) several times. The first that we had took advantage of our ignorance as new-comers to prefer his own ease to our interests; but as we grew wiser and more experienced we discovered this failing, and at once gave him his jawáb, or dismissal. The second was a Hindoo of a very high caste (which fact, however, did not prevent him eating any sweetmeat or delicacy of the defiled Feringhees on which he could lay his hands), and as we felt that the requirements of his conscience and our service could not be satisfied by the same individual, we accordingly gave him warning. Shortly before the departure of bearer No. 2 an applicant for his place arrived. Making the usual salam he handed me his chittis or written testimonials of service, which were very satisfactory. I was on the point of engaging him, when my wife interrupted me by begging me not to do so, as she thought he had a bad countenance, and was certain no good would come of it.

"Why, Alice," I said, "what good can you expect? So long as the man does his work, and obeys my orders, we require nothing more. We shall have no nonsense about caste with *him*; and, at all events, if we find we don't like him, we can easily get rid of him."

My wife was silent, but not (I fancied) convinced. After a pause she said, "Well, engage him if you choose; but to please me, load your revolver, for when you are away I shall be terrified if that man is sitting at the door and I have nothing to protect myself with."

Having finished breakfast my wife proposed that we should invite the Barlows to dinner for the next night. Major and Mrs. Barlow had been long in India. During the mutiny they were at Sealkote, where they fortunately escaped being murdered when the native troops broke out there. They had been fellow-passengers with us from England, and we had formed a friendship with them on the voyage which had been thoroughly cemented in Calcutta, where we had derived the greatest benefit from their kindness and experience. I gave a ready assent to her proposal, and she wrote Mrs. Barlow a note and sent it by the bearer, who quickly returned with an answer accepting our invitation, and saying they would call for us to drive with them on the course, for they knew we preferred their carriage to our own humble but more economical buggy.

The short period of our residence in India had not dispelled the timidity my wife naturally felt on her arrival, and she had soon noticed that the shutters of the four drawing-room windows, and of the bath-room opening on the veranda, could not be fastened in any way, and that, as the veranda was easily accessible by a ladder, there was, in fact, nothing to prevent a man surprising us at any time. She therefore insisted upon the windows being securely fastened. Calling the inevitable bearer I sent him at once to fetch a native blacksmith. After about two hours' absence, which was, of course, plausibly explained by the "mild Hindoo," he returned with the man, who, under our personal inspection, firmly fastened rings and staples upon every window in the drawing-room and bath-room. I remunerated the man by giving him about a quarter of what he asked, when he retired, no doubt quite satisfied that he had cheated us in spite of the reduction.

In the evening I fastened every window with padlocks that I had brought from England, and we passed the night in safety, though my wife fancied once that she heard a noise on the veranda. In the morning our new bearer made his appearance; there was nothing remarkable in his manner; he seemed, for a native, to do his work very well.

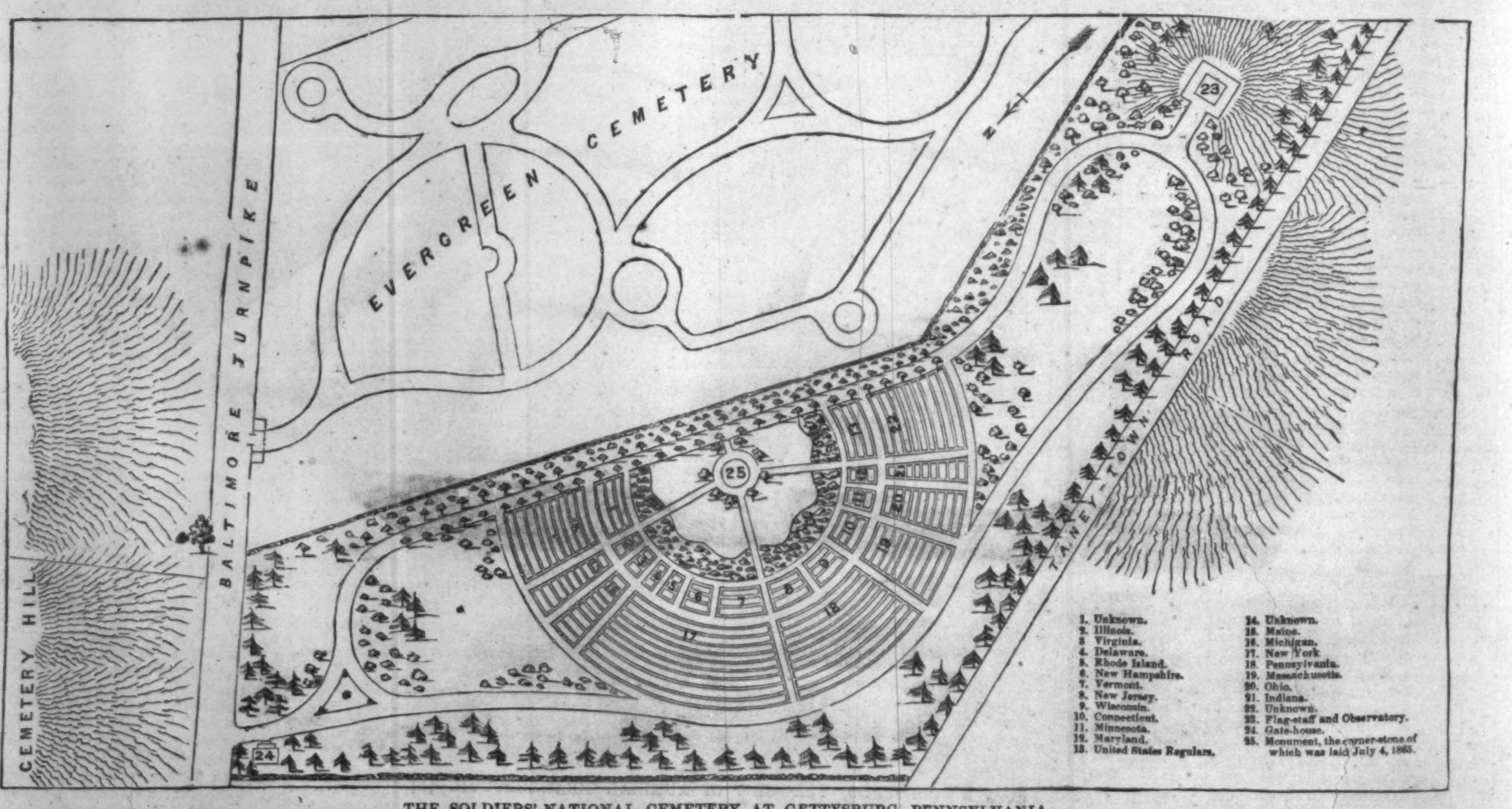
Before we went for our early drive he remarked that the windows were fastened, and asked for the keys, but at a pleading look from my wife I unlocked them all myself except that between the bath-room and veranda, which I decided to keep permanently locked as it was very seldom used.

I well remember the drive we took that morning, and, indeed, every incident of the day. The heat was very great when we returned, about eight A.M., and we were glad of the shade and comparative cold of our drawing-room. After breakfast we settled down to our usual occupations, for it was a day on which I was not compelled to be absent. We sent the bearer with sundry orders; to Wilson's for ice, and to another shop for confectionery for the dessert. He made no scruple about carrying the parcels, at which we were pleased; for our dismissed bearer had on several occasions gone to the length of engaging a cooly to carry them for him; a system of which I showed my disapproval by invariably deducting the cooly hire from his monthly wages, so that if he chose to play the great man it was at his expense and not mine.

During the day I cleaned my revolver, which was thoroughly out of order and very rusty. My wife reminded me of my promise to load it, and as she still begged me to do so, I loaded all the chambers and capped it, saying that I hoped she would now be content, for she was secure against any six men. She interrupted me by crying: "Some one is looking through the curtain. It is moving now."

In front of the door a curtain was hung, and we usually kept the door open, with a screen partially before it. The curtain certainly was moving, so I went to the door, but as I found no one I came back suggesting that it was probably some box wallah, or itinerant peddler, a class of men who visit all the European houses in Calcutta, offering for sale stationery, eau-de-cologne, and other nick-nacks, which by purchasing from captains of merchantmen in want of ready money, they are able to sell at a far lower rate than the English shops. Though these men generally announce their arrival by calling out, "Any thing want, sahib? I all things got, eau-de-cologne got, envelopes got, etc., yet sometimes they peep through the curtain to see if any one is in, and one had probably done so on this occasion, for he might not have seen us where we were sitting. Our bearer had gone for his dinner, so that we had no servant at the door.

At half past five in the evening one of the Barlows' syces came to tell us that his sahib and mem-sahib were waiting below in their carriage. My wife threw a shawl over her white dress, while I sacrificed at the altar of fashion by putting on a black coat and the inevitable chimney-pot hat. We then started for the Course, meeting and passing conveyances of every description, from the Governor-General's four-in-hand and scarlet escort of his body-guard to the rickety old ghari driven by a semi-naked native. The sun was nearly setting, when, after passing Lord Hardinge's equestrian statue and Lord Auckland's humbler one, both the resort of countless crows, we reached the river side, where the crowd was, as it always is, very great.



THE SOLDIERS' NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

The fine band of the —— Highlanders was playing in the Eden Gardens, where natives were selling roses at an anna a bunch, and numbers of fair but pale English children were playing with their dark bearers and ayahs, or buying the ingenious toys which are always to be purchased on the maidan. After listening to the music for a short time, Mrs. Barlow proposed that we should drive round the plain; the Major gave the order to the coachman (as the driver is always called in India), and we soon passed the water-gate of Fort William and the Maharajpore memorial, and leaving the crowd behind us "eating the air," as the phrase is, found ourselves in comparative quiet.

The syces lighted the lamps, as it was now dark, and we proceeded. The conversation turned upon the mutiny, as it nearly always does in Anglo-Indian society: and Major Barlow related some circumstances connected with the rising at Sealkote.

"There was a Hindoo sepoy" (he said), "whose name I forget, to whom our surgeon had been very kind when in hospital, who professed to be in our interests, and gave us information about the feeling and intentions of the native regiments. We entirely confided in him, and when at last the villains rose, by his advice the surgeon and his wife, I, with my wife and child, and one or two more, concealed ourselves in a kitchen apart from the military lines, and this sepoy promised that when the mutineers left for Delhi he would return and assist us to escape. You may imagine the terrible suspense of those hours of waiting; flames were rising on all sides, and firing was heard at short intervals. We were, of course, well-armed, but if we were discovered, we knew that any resistance we could offer would soon be overcome. At last evening came, and we heard low voices near the place of our concealment. I mounted on a table with a revolver in my hand, but on looking through a window I whispered to those below that it was all right, for that there were only two men, and one of them was our friendly sepoy. I was on the point of addressing him when I heard him say to his companion, 'There, Abdul, the dogs are hidden, thinking that I would be faithful to their salt; they have trusted in me, but their *raj* is over. Call our brothers, Abdul, and let us complete our work before dark."

"Betrayed and placed in our slaughter-house by the butcher, what could we do? I could certainly fire, but then the report *might* be heard. There was, however, no time to be lost; I steadied my hand on the window-sill and fired twice in rapid succession. They both fell; dead, I have little doubt, and we were once more comparatively secure. That night we made our escape, and after an exciting journey reached Umballa in safety. I always congratulate myself on having wreaked such speedy vengeance on that traitorous scoundrel."

By this time we were passing the cathedral, and in a few minutes were set down at our own door. The Barlows, who were very near neighbors, went to dress, and returning in about half an hour, were ushered into the drawing-room by our new bearer.

"You have got a new man, I see," said the Major; "I seem to know the fellow's face very well. He has quite a military look." He asked him if he had ever served in the army, and the man, bowing his head, answered that he had always been a bearer. Major Barlow then inquired if he had ever seen him (the Major) before; but he turned to me and said that the sahib was quite a stranger to him. "Well," said the Major, "I know I have seen him somewhere." And Mrs. Barlow remarked that the man seemed very familiar to her, and that she fancied that she must have seen some one like him in the Punjab.

A khitmutghar with clasped hands announced that dinner was on the table, so our quartette adjourned to the dining-room. I remembered afterward that the bearer went into my bath-room. The dinner passed off very pleasantly, as small dinners in India generally do, succeeding where "burra khanas," or grand dinner-parties, often fail.

The heat had been very oppressive, but a dust-storm, followed by a heavy shower, had cooled the air; and when, after dessert, ladies and gentlemen leaving the table together according to Indian etiquette, we went on the veranda to see what we could of a display of fire-works in the Eden Gardens, we found the night breeze very agreeable. With music and singing the evening passed pleasantly away; and Mrs. Barlow pronounced most favorably upon our present rooms as compared with our old ones. "But," said she, "were I you, Mrs. ——, I should be rather afraid at the thought of two-thirds of the house being uninhabited. Mind we don't read in the *Hurkaru* some morning of a fearful tragedy at No. 18."

"Oh," replied my wife, "I certainly was very timid, but I persuaded my husband to load his revolver, and now I feel quite secure, for I could fire it myself on an emergency; so if you hear a shot from this quarter mind you send the Major here at once."

"But, seriously," said her husband, "you are perfectly safe; for as the great gates are shut at night no one could get into the compound; so that were any one to attack you it must be one of the servants, and I can hardly fancy that a Bengáli has the necessary pluck. Had you been in the Punjab—" And here the Major commenced a long dissertation upon the superiority of the Punjab and every thing in it, robbers included, over the effeminate provinces of Lower Bengal.

It is a curious fact that every one in India seems to consider it a point of honor to maintain the superiority over every other of the particular station, district, and presidency in which (from whatever accident) the greater portion of his Indian career has been passed. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers have been the scene of many a hot argument between the advocates of Madras and Bengal. The Qui hyes (koi hai), as the latter are called, always professing to look down upon those whose lot has been cast in the Benighted Presidency (Madras).

At the conclusion of his harangue Mrs. Barlow remarked that it was very late, and that they must really leave. As it was a lovely moonlight night, and they lived so near, we walked with them to the door, where we wished them good-night.

While looking, on our return, at the familiar constellations of Orion, the Pleiades, and the Great Bear, we could almost have fancied ourselves at *home* had not the howl of the jackal and the strange shouts of native servants going to their godowns (or huts) after their day's work quickly dispelled any such rising thoughts.

On reaching our rooms the servants, as usual, asked our permission to depart; for we did not, as many do, insist upon their sleeping outside the door. As all their work was done I, of course, assented, and they left us with the usual salam.

We sat talking and working for above an hour—quite alone, as we did not have a night punkah. I then fastened the drawing-room door which led to the staircase, and proceeded to padlock the shutters of the four windows opening on the veranda. Having done so I remarked that we were safely barricaded again, when my wife reminded me that I had not fastened the bath-room shutter. "That," I said, "I left locked this morning; it is so seldom used that I thought I would not go through the form of locking and unlocking it every day."

"Oh," said she, "to please me, go and see that it is all right. I shall not sleep to-night if you don't. Please go at once; it will not take a minute."

"Well," I said, "I will go and look now, but don't expect me to do it every night; for there is really not the slightest occasion." I took up a lamp and went through my dressing-room into the bath-room, and my wife went with me.

"There," I cried, "is the window locked and secure. Go and give it a pull, and then I hope you will be satisfied."

She laughed, and owned it was very foolish, but going to the window pulled the padlock, when, to our astonishment and consternation, the staple fell upon the matting of the floor, and the padlock remained in her hand.

She turned very white, and, trembling all over, said, "Oh, John, there must be some mistake; how badly the blacksmith must have fastened it! Why did not you try every staple when he had finished?"

"Indeed, I did so," I replied, "and they were as firm as possible. I remember thinking what a capital workman he was. This is no fault of his, Alice," I added, very gravely; "some one has loosened the staple with the intention of entering by that window to-night. The question now is, whether we shall leave the house and try to call our neighbors up, or whether, as we are prepared, we shall wait here. I think that with my revolver I should be a match for them, even if there be more than one; and if there are any, as is probable, lurking about the house, we should be more likely to be surprised outside than here. I say *we*, dearest; for if I went you would, of course, accompany me, for I dare not leave you alone here, even for a moment."

What answer my wife would have given, or what we should have done I do not know; for I had hardly finished speaking when she fainted away. I carried her into our bedroom, tore down the net mosquito curtains, and laid her on the bed.

I was opening the medicine-chest for some sal volatile, when I plainly heard a light footstep on the veranda. Seizing my revolver I hurried to the bath-room and took up my position in a corner, whence I could have a view of the intruder before he could see me. Almost immediately the shutter was pushed open, and a man with a tulwar, or native sword, in his hand entered stealthily, and as the moonbeams fell upon his face I recognized the features of our new bearer. The villain was slowly advancing to my dressing-room, when I called out in Hindoostanee, "Who is it?" He turned directly, and raising his tulwar rushed upon me; but before he could reach me I fired, and with a fearful imprecation he fell backward. I went up to him and took the sword from his hand, and saw that he was wounded in the breast, and quite unable to rise or offer any resistance.

Leaving him I went to my wife, who I found had been aroused by the noise of the shot. I assured her that all danger was over, and persuaded her to lie still while I went for assistance. As I was unlocking the drawing-room door Major Barlow ran up the stairs. He was reading when he heard the shot, and fearing that the revolver had gone off, and that some accident might have happened to one of us, had hurried over. I explained the state of affairs to him in a moment, and he went to the Park Street station to rouse the police. As he left two or three native servants came in, and by my orders took up the bearer and laid him on a small couch in the drawing-room.

I then returned to my wife, who was much calmer, and thankful that all had gone on so well.

Major Barlow quickly came back with several police-officers and a surgeon. The latter made a hasty examination of the wounded man and pronounced that, were he moved he would die immediately, and that under any circumstances he could not live above a few minutes.

The major went up to him, and the man, who was still conscious, glanced at him with a look of intense hatred. After reflecting for a moment the major cried, "I know him. I was certain that I had seen him before; he is the man who would have betrayed us at Sealkote. He must have two lives; for I felt confident I had killed him then, and I fear he has cheated the hangman now."

"Yes, he has gone," said the surgeon, as our bearer's head fell back upon the couch. The police removed the body to a neighboring go-down, and our friend sent servants to take away all traces of the struggle from our rooms.

Great as the shock had been to my wife, she was almost herself again in the morning. Mrs. Barlow came very early to spend the day with her and cheer her up, while her husband and I attended the necessary investigation into the death. This was neither long nor formidable. The major identified the body as that of a mutinous sepoy; and after I had detailed all that had happened, the authorities quickly decided that the case came under sections 100 and 105 of the New Code, which lays down the circumstances under which the right of private defense extends to causing death, and I left the court amidst compliments and congratulations upon our escape.

My wife and I were quite a nine-days' wonder in Calcutta; but we had no ambition to become so again by passing through such an ordeal, and were extremely glad to hear that the upper story of our house had been let that day to a young merchant, so that there was no fear of our again being alone at night.

The loosened staple was secured again; and I need hardly add that I carefully examined all the locks, including that of the bath-room, every night; and that the next mail conveyed home a full account of our nocturnal adventure with our new bearer.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE PRICE OF A BREAKFAST.—Three friends were walking in the streets of Paris one morning. Said one, "I'm for an excellent breakfast." Said the second, "I'm for one even abating some of the excellence." Said the third, "I could be content with none of the excellence at all, provided it was only a breakfast." "How much money would produce us one?" inquired the first; and it was agreed that ten francs would suffice. "I have an idea!" cried one. The three friends then turned into a music-publisher's in the neighborhood; and the young man with the idea addressed the principal: "Monsieur, this gentleman has composed a capital melody, this other gentleman has written the words, and I, as the only one of the party with any thing like a voice, propose singing it to you." The publisher demurred, but being in want of a new thing to open a *café chantant* with, agreed to hear it. "It is pretty simple," he said, "but I don't mind giving fifteen francs for it," and the three artists departed delightedly to breakfast. The name of the librettist of the said song was Alfred de Musset, the composer was Hippolyte Monpou, and the singer Gilbert Louis Duprez. The song was called "L'Andalouse," was sung in all the cafés and salons, and brought in to the publisher forty thousand francs.

REFORMING A SCOLD.—In the early period of the history of Methodism, some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole wagon load of Methodists and carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence; at last one of the accusers said: "Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and besides, they prayed from morning to night." The magistrate asked if they had done any thing else? "Yes, Sir," said an old man, "an't please your Worship, they convarted my wife. Till she went among them, she had a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town!"

"EAT YOUR BROWN BREAD FIRST."—It is a plain but faithful saying, "Eat your brown bread first;" nor is there a better rule for a young man's outset in the world. While you continue single you may live within as narrow limits as you please and it is then you must begin to save, in order to be provided for the more enlarged expenses of your future family. Besides, a plain, frugal life is then supported most cheerfully; it is your own choice, and it is to be justified on the best and most honest principles in the world, and you have nobody's pride to struggle with, or appetites to master, but your own. As you advance in life and success it will be expected you should give yourself greater indulgence, and you may then be allowed to do it both reasonably and safely.

OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES EASY TO BEAR.—"You must really exercise patience," said an old Rat to a brother that had been caught in a trap. "No doubt it is painful; but squeaking will do you no good whatever, and it is very distressing to us to hear."

"You are mighty compassionate," said the prisoner, trying to ease his leg.

"Oh, I assure you I feel beyond all description for you," said the old Rat: "I can enter into your sufferings most fully; but, you see, notwithstanding that I grieve so acutely, I can command myself and behave with moderation."

"Very fine!" replied the captive; "I could do the same if I were sitting at my ease looking at you in this trap; but I doubt exceedingly if your philosophy would hold out if you were *here* instead of there."

A STRIKING OBSERVATION.—A young prince having requested his tutor to instruct him in religion and teach him to say his prayers, was answered, "That he was yet too young." "That can not be," said the little boy, "for I have been in the burial-ground and measured the graves, and found many of them shorter than myself."

OLD and middle-aged women must not delude themselves with the idea that they will, under any circumstances, come in for a full share of gallantry to their sex. Not at all. You must be young and pretty, or take your chance. Of course you can not be too pretty, and, what is more, you can not be too young. Balzac fixed on thirty as the age when all the charms and glory of womanhood reach their highest perfection. One half of that age would seem to be the ideal worshiped by a certain class of English writers. In private life one occasionally meets with men who have similar tastes—men who adore a girl when she can only simper and look silly, but who turn away with indifference from the matured thought and feeling of the adult woman; men to whom the wit, accomplishments, and sobered grace of five-and-twenty are imperceptible or insipid, but who are positively electrified by the monosyllabic prattle, the giggling awkwardness, the pouting impertinence, above all by the short frocks and the frills of a garment *quod versu dicere non est*, of the bread-and-butter Miss.

A TROUBLESOME CARGO.—Hassan, a Cairene trader, suddenly puffed out with cotton, finding himself rich in paras and high in flesh, has been to Galata, where rosy cheeks and brilliant eyes may still be bought by true believers from the Italian merchants; and in that suburb of the splendid city he has purchased comfort for his age in the shape of four plump wives. The rewards of virtue and a good crop are penned amidships, in a cabin of four berths, under lock and key, while Hassan reclines on his bit of red carpet at their prison door. Night and day he there holds watch and ward. To be sure that none of the crew shall see his harem he waits on them himself; like a slave he fetches them bread and fruit; prepares and lights their pipes, fills and removes the water-jars; and, after his long and earnest evening prayer, lies down on his mat across the opening of their berths. It is pleasant to watch the white turban bobbing in among its beauties, and, on the sound of a Frank footfall, to see its pursy little owner slamming the door and twisting the hasp on his gazelles. This happy man has paid for a berth of his own, opening on that state-room in which lemons and hot-water are produced about the time of rest: but the lightness of his charge sits heavy on his soul; and when night comes down upon him, and sleep ought to close his lids, he has to mount guard over his fair mischief; distrusting that holy verse of the Koran which tells him that when the sun has gone down into the sea "All is peace until the breaking of the morn." In spite of much flesh, and of the good spirits which should attend on flesh, he seems haunted by the dread lest four such darlings—all young, all fat, all new to the world and its ways—must fall into peril, even behind bolts and bars. Happy little wretch! He has spent many piastres on the desire of his heart; on that which is the desire of every Oriental heart; yet he dares not sleep. Munching apples all day, smoking jebilé all night, he frets and pines; his shadow falls less and less; and it is an open question with the crew how long he may live to enjoy the consolations he has bought. At present his share of the world seems hard to bear.

THE ART OF MEMORY.—As Nature has made strange fellows in her time, we are not surprised that some of her favorites should have been endowed by her with most extraordinary memories. Let us mention a few of these. Seneca says that he could, by the mere effort of his natural memory, repeat two thousand words upon once hearing them. He also mentions Cyneas, King Pyrrhus's embassador to Rome, who in one day so well learned the names of the people whom he saw that the next day he saluted them all, the senators and all the populace assembled, each by his proper name. Cyrus, according to Pliny, knew every soldier in his army by name, and L. Scipio all the citizens in Rome. Carneades, it is said, could repeat any volume found in the libraries as readily as if he was reading. Mithridates, the king of twenty-two nations, held courts in as many languages, and conversed with each nation in its own tongue. Cardinal Mezzofanti knew so many languages that he might have acted as interpreter-general at the Tower of Babel. Lipsius remembered all the history of Tacitus; Francis Suarez, all St. Augustine's works; Avicenna, all Aristotle's metaphysics. Joseph Scaliger, when a young man, could repeat above one hundred verses, having once read them, and in the course of a few weeks could repeat the contents of whole books in foreign languages. The German poet, Klopstock, could repeat Homer from beginning to end; William Lyon, a traveling player, could repeat the whole contents of a newspaper. It is said of Magliabecchi, that a gentleman, having lent him a manuscript which he was going to print, came to him soon after it was returned, and pretending that he had lost it, desired him to repeat as much of it as he could, upon which Magliabecchi wrote down the whole without missing a word. An Englishman once went to Frederick the Great for the purpose of giving him some specimens of his extraordinary memory. Frederick sent for Voltaire, who read to his Majesty a poem which he had just finished. The Englishman was concealed in such a manner as to be able to hear every word that was said. When Voltaire had concluded Frederick observed that a foreign gentleman could immediately repeat the same poem to him, and therefore it could not be original. Voltaire listened with astonishment at the stranger's declamation, and then fell into a great rage, and tore the manuscript into pieces. When Frederick informed him of his mistake the Englishman again dictated to Voltaire the whole poem with perfect correctness.

CAVALRY DEPOT AT GIESBORO.

ON pages 440 and 441 we give an extensive view of Giesboro, the principal cavalry dépôt of the United States during the war. Giesboro is situated on the Potomac, opposite Washington, of which a most favorable and extensive view is obtained. At this place the large and numerous corrals for horses, the blacksmith-shops, and other attachments of a large cavalry dépôt, furnished topics of great interest to visitors. We give sketches representing horses just brought in for inspection, and also of disabled horses given over for medical treatment. Of the latter there were often as many as five hundred at a time condemned as utterly worthless and shot. During the first two years of the war the horses which the Government purchased were bought at cheap rates, and were very inefficient. A few miles of rapid travel exhausted them; and often just at the moment when they were wanted for service on the field they were as incapable of the work before them as a herd of goats would have been. The days of SHERIDAN, KILPATRICK, WILSON, and STONEMAN, with their long rides and fearless incursions and furious battle-charges, had not yet come. To the inefficiency of our cavalry at this early period of the war is, in a great degree, to be attributed the fact that the national victories gained were so partial in themselves and so fruitless in their immediate consequences. As soon, however, as decent horses were obtained, and the cavalry service was appreciated at its true value, the national cause advanced with rapidity toward those conclusive victories which have marked the latter stages of the war. The natural history of the animals brought to Giesboro has a most intimate connection with the history of the war.

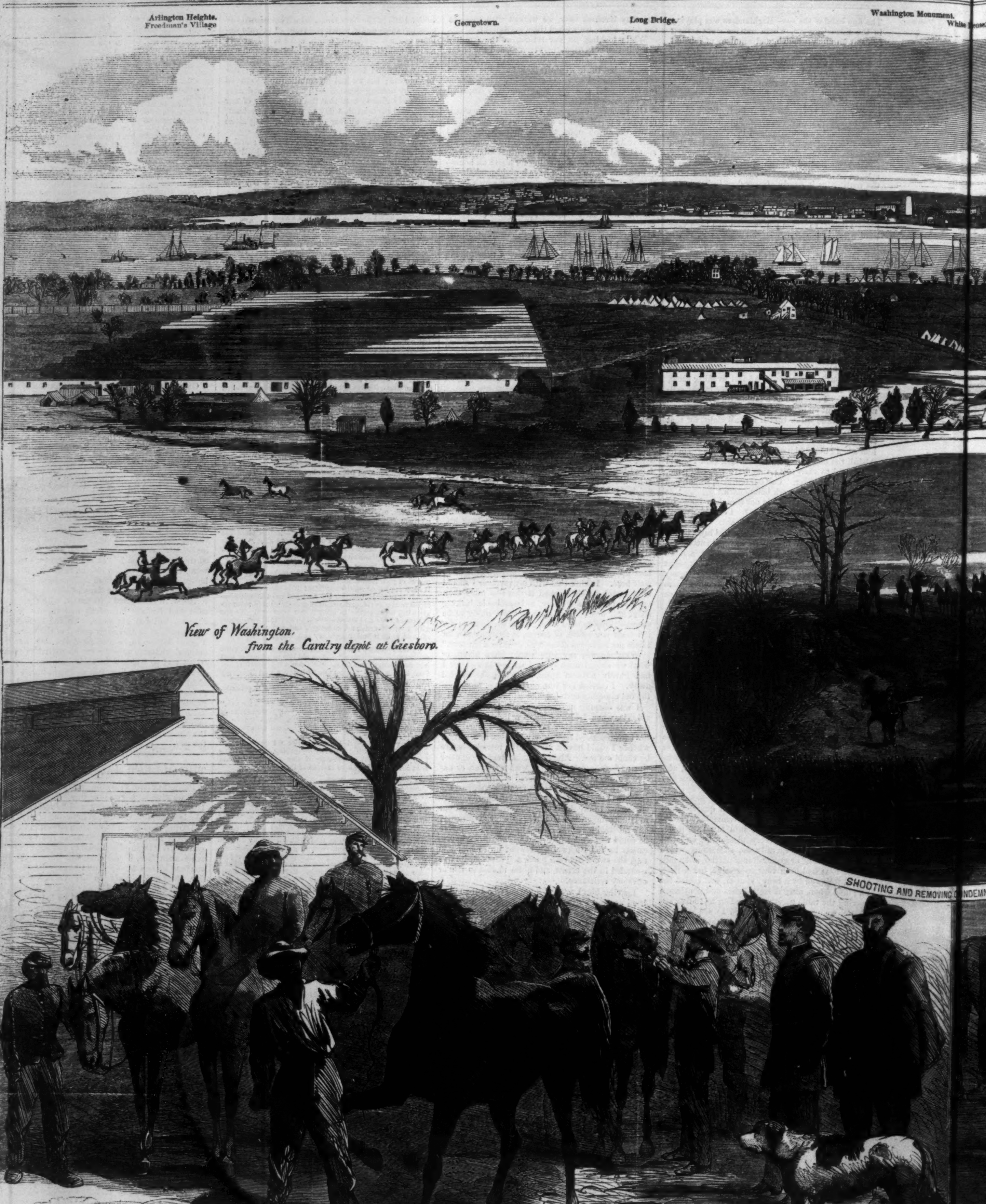
THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

PROBABLY the venerable patriarch whose portrait we give on page 445 is the oldest man living. His name is JOSEPH CRELE, and he resides in Caledonia, Columbia County, Wisconsin.

During the French Revolution one JEAN CLAUDE JACOB, a member of the National Assembly, was called the "Dean of the human species." On his seam-worn face, it was said, was plowed the furrowings of one hundred and twenty years. But Mr. CRELE is nearly twenty years older than CLAUDE JACOB was. He was born in Detroit, of French parents. The record of his baptism in the Catholic church of that city shows that he is now one hundred and thirty-nine years of age. He has been a resident of Wisconsin for about a century. He was first married in New Orleans, one hundred and nine years ago. Some years after he settled in Prairie du Chien, while Wisconsin was yet a province of France. Before the Revolutionary War he was employed to carry letters between Prairie du Chien and Green Bay. It was but a few years ago he was called as a witness in the Circuit Court, in a case involving the title to certain real estate in Prairie du Chien, to give testimony in relation to events that transpired eighty years ago. He now resides with a daughter, by his third wife, who is over seventy years of age.

The residence of the family is only four or five miles out of Portage City. From citizens of that place we learn that the old man is still active, is able to chop wood, and to walk several miles. He speaks English quite imperfectly, but converses fluently in the French language. He goes to elections, and, like a sensible old gentleman, votes the Union ticket. He stoops a little under the burden of years, but not more than many men of seventy. In person he is rather above the medium height, spare in flesh, but showing evidences of having been in his prime a man of sinewy strength. Concerning his habits, a subject of much interest in connection with an instance of such extraordinary longevity, we have been able to learn but little, except that he it an inveterate smoker.

Here is a man who was forty-nine years of age at the time of the Declaration of Independence. He was capable of bearing arms at the time of BRADDOCK'S defeat, and was six years old when WASHINGTON was born. It is said that his exceptional and anomalous lot, joined with his crude and untutored notions upon religious subjects, has induced in his mind the curious fancy that perhaps God has overlooked him, and that he will never be relieved by the hand of death from the burden of a helpless old age.

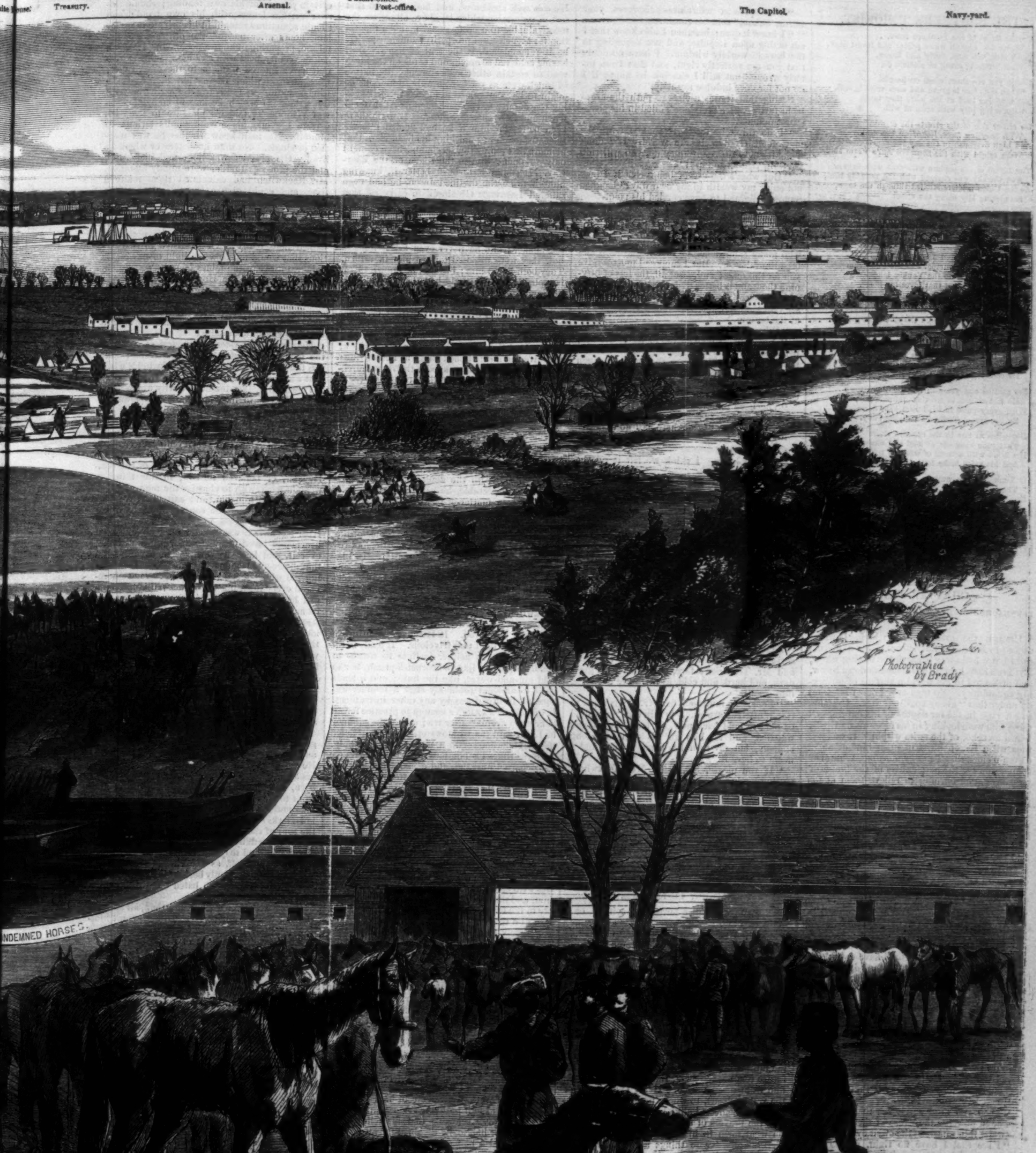

Arlington Heights.
Freedman's Village
Georgetown.
Long Bridge.
Washington Monument.
White

View of Washington, from the Cavalry depôt at Giesboro.

SHOOTING AND REMOVING CONDEMN

INSPECTION OF A NEW LOT OF HORSES.

UNITED STATES CAVALRY DEPOT, GIESBORO


ite House.
Treasury.
Smithsonian Institute.
Arsenal.
Patent-office.
Post-office.
The Capitol.
Navy-yard.
Photographed by Brady
NDEMNED HORSES.

BORO, OPPOSITE WASHINGTON.

DISABLED HORSES TURNED IN FOR MEDICAL TREATMENT.

THE SOUTHERN UNIONIST.

Up the street of the Southern town,
Where the smooth white poplar and locust grew,
The Union veterans, dusty and brown,
Went strolling along as soldiers do.

Not as you see them when on parade,
When each face is grave and each voice is still,
But laughing loud at the jokes they made,
Sauntering idly with arms at will.

On either side of the streets the crowds,
With scowling faces, looked on the while;
And high overhead in the sky the clouds
Were bright with the Southern sun's warm smile.

The leaves of the poplars with dust were brown,
And the sky was charged with the noonday heat,
As the Union soldiers strolled through the town,
Sauntering idly along the street.

Sauntering idly with arms at will,
In that careless, easy, veteran style;
The squealing fifes and the drums were still:
Not a note of music was heard the while.

When all of a sudden a regiment band
Struck up with trumpet and fife and drum
That anthem dear to the Yankee land—
Dear to each heart that loves his home.

Long years had passed since its notes rang through
The shadowy streets of that Southern town,
And each scowling face on the sidewalks grew
Darker yet with an added frown.

But one there was to whose longing ear
That tune was welcome as summer rain,
And his life-blood thrilled in his veins to hear
Its cheering notes in those streets again.

For months and years in that Southern town
He had waited to see that welcome day,
With every pulse in his breast kept down
By the tyrant Treason's bullying sway.

But when at last in the crowded street
That tune rang out so loud and clear,
His heart with a thrill of wild joy beat,
And his voice broke forth in a ringing cheer.

O Yankee Doodle, anthem of our land!
The spirit-warming good thy song imparts
Gives strength in war to every freeman's hand,
And fires the native valor of our hearts.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

TELEMACHUS SHOWS THAT HE HAS A WILL OF HIS OWN.

Unlike the great ocean, which, however racked by hurricane and storm, sleeps in eternal calm but a little way beneath the tossing waves, Mr. Trefalden kept all his tempests down below, and presented to the world a surface of unvarying equanimity. No man ever knew what went on under that "glassy cool" exterior. Cyclones might rage in the far depths of his nature, and those who were looking in his face saw no ripple, heard no echo, of the strife within. It was just thus when Saxon burst in upon him at about eleven o'clock that Tuesday morning, brimful of compassion for the perplexities of the house of Greatorex, and burning to relieve them at the moderate cost of fifty-nine thousand pounds sterling.

Mr. Trefalden was furious; but he smiled, nevertheless, and heard Saxon quite patiently from beginning to end of his story.

"But this is pure nonsense and Quixotism," said he, when the young man came to a pause for want of breath. "What's Greatorex to you, or you to Greatorex? Why should you recklessly sacrifice a sum which is in itself a handsome fortune to oblige a man who has no claim whatever on your sympathies or your purse?"

"I can't let him be ruined!" cried Saxon, impetuously.

"Pshaw! why not? He would not have hesitated to ruin you. He would have swept your whole property into his rotten bank if he could, and have allowed you one per cent. less than the established rate of interest."

"I can't tell how that may be," said Saxon; "but I gave him the check, and he acted on the faith of my signature. I must not let him suffer for it."

"But he would have suffered sooner or later. Did I not tell you last night that the Greatorexes were on the verge of bankruptcy, and that I believed they must stop payment before the week was out? Don't you remember that?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"Then you must surely see that your check can be in no sense the cause of their ruin? At the worst it but hastens the event by a few days."

"I see that I have no right, and, Heaven knows, no wish, to hasten it by a single hour."

"But, my dear Saxon—"

"But, my dear cousin William, Lawrence Greatorex has an old father and two sisters, and he and I have been on terms of good fellowship together for weeks past, and I'm determined to stand by him."

"Oh, if you are determined, Saxon, that puts an end to the matter," said Mr. Trefalden, coldly. "But in this case, why consult me at all?"

"I didn't come to consult you, cousin; but I had given you my word not to sign away any more money till after Thursday, and I felt bound to let you know what I was about to do."

Mr. Trefalden looked very grave.

"I confess that I am disappointed," he said. "I had hoped to find my opinion more valued by you, Saxon. I had also hoped that you would look upon me as something more than your lawyer—as your friend, adviser, guide."

"Why, so I do!" cried the young man, eagerly.

"Pardon me; I do not think so."

"Then you do me injustice; for I put a priceless value on your opinion and your friendship."

"Your present willfulness disproves your words, Saxon," said his cousin.

"I know it does; but then I also know that I am acting upon impulse, and not according to the laws of worldly wisdom. I have no doubt that you are perfectly right, and that I am utterly wrong—but still I can not be happy if I do not for once indulge my folly."

Seeing that it was useless to push the argument further, Mr. Trefalden smiled in his pleasantest manner.

"I do think," said he, "that you are the most foolish fellow in the world. If I don't make haste to tie your money up, you will ruin yourself, rich as you are!"

"But what's the use of being rich if I may not enjoy my wealth in my own way?" laughed Saxon, delighted to have carried his point.

"Your way is a very irrational way," replied the lawyer, taking a slip of paper from his desk, and writing upon it in a clear engrossing hand. "Almost as irrational as that of the poor sailors who make sandwiches of their bank-notes and bread-and-butter. But I suppose I must forgive you for this once; and, after all, the loss of fifty-nine thousand is better than the loss of a quarter of a million. There, put that in your purse, and see that your devoted friend signs it down there at the bottom."

"What is it?"

"A promissory note for the money. He will, perhaps, offer you a receipt on the part of the firm; but this will answer the purpose much better. What—going already?"

Saxon explained that Greatorex wanted the cash before one o'clock.

"You have removed the 'stop' from Drummond's, I suppose?"

"Not yet. I will call there as I go home."

"And Mr. Greatorex has given you back your first check?"

"I don't know. I think we left it on the breakfast-table."

Mr. Trefalden bit his lip.

"Upon my soul, Saxon," he said, "you deserve to be fleeced by every sharper who can get his hand within reach of a feather of you! Go home and find that check before you dream of removing your injunction; and if you can't find it, give them a note of the number and amount, in case of its being presented for payment."

Saxon laughed, and promised obedience; but declared there was no danger.

"And you will still keep your promise of signing away no more money without consulting me?"

"Implicitly."

"Then good-by till Thursday."

Saxon sprang down the stairs whistling a shrill Swiss air, and was gone in a moment; and Mr. Trefalden's face, as he listened, grew dark, and hard, and cold, as if it were changing into granite.

"Fool!" he muttered, fiercely. "As eager to ruin himself as are others to ruin him! I should be mad to hold back now. I have waited, and watched, and let him go his own way long enough; but my turn has come at last, and I mean to have it."

"If you please, Sir," said Mr. Keckwitch, putting his head suddenly in at the door, "Mr. Behrens called about ten minutes ago, and said he'd come again at two."

"Very well," replied the lawyer, wearily. "Bring me Mr. Behrens's deed-box."

And then he sat for a long time with the box unopened before him, and his head resting on his hands.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A THOROUGHLY RESPECTABLE MAN.

The man who has a purpose to achieve, or a secret to hide, should never make an enemy. It is his obvious policy to shun that disaster as sedulously as an expectant bridegroom shuns the conscription, a debutante the small-pox, or a railway director the possible horrors of an excursion train. But the wisest can not always be wise; and the wariest are apt now and then to omit some little precaution whereby the dread catastrophe against which they have so long been building up their defenses, might have been averted after all. Thetis, when she dipped Achilles in the seven-fold river, forgot the heel by which she held him, and left it vulnerable for the fatal arrow. Imperial Cæsar put aside for future reading the paper that would have saved him from assassination. Henri Quatri—he of the valiant heart, to whom nothing seemed impossible—neglected alike his own presentiments, and the prayers of those who loved him, when he went forth to his doom in the Rue de la Ferronière. These things are common. We read of them in the records of almost every famous crime or sudden catastrophe. The "complete steel" has some weak point of junction which the foeman's blade finds out; the conspirator drops a paper, and the plot which was to subvert a dynasty recoils on the heads of the plotters; the cleverest alibi breaks down in some minute particular, which no one had the wit to foresee. A little more prudence was alone needed to insure quite opposite results—a little better closing of the rivets of the gorget, or the seams of the pocket, or the incidents of the story; but the precaution that would have made all safe was precisely that precaution which happened to be neglected.

William Trefalden had both a purpose to achieve and a secret to hide, and he was not insensible to the inconveniences that might arise from the ill-will of his fellow-men; but he had made two enemies, and those two enemies were the two greatest errors of his life. He had never attempted to be what is called "a popular man." He had none of that apparent frankness and buoyancy of manner necessary to the part; but he especially desired to be well spoken of. He *was* well spoken of, and had acquired that sort of reputation which is, above all others, the most valuable to a professional man—a reputation for sagacity and prosperity; and prosperity, be it remembered, is the seal of merit. But, having achieved so much, and being on the high-road to certain other achievements, the nature of which were as yet known only to himself, he ought to have abstained at any cost from awaking the enmity of two such men as Abel Keckwitch and Lawrence Greatorex. It would have been better for him if he had denied himself the satisfaction of punishing his head clerk that memorable evening in March, and been content only to dodge him in the shade of the doorway. It would have been better if, knowing himself to be the destined Jason, he had even suffered Lawrence Greatorex to carry off that noble slice from the Golden Fleece which was represented by Saxon's first check. But he had followed neither of these prudent courses. He despised the clerk; he was irritated against the banker; and he never even asked himself how they were disposed toward him in return. They both hated him; but had he known this it is probable that he would have been equally indifferent to the fact. Not to know it—not even to have given it a thought, one way or the other—was a great oversight; and that oversight was the one hole in William Trefalden's armor.

Mr. Abel Keckwitch was a very respectable man. He lodged in the house of a gaunt widow, who lived in a small back street at Pentonville; and his windows commanded a thriving church-yard. He paid his rent with scrupulous regularity; he went to church every Sunday morning; he took in the *Weekly Observer;* he kept a cat; and he played the violoncello. He had done all these things for the last thirty years, and he did them advisedly; for Mr. Keckwitch was of a methodical temperament, and loved to carry on the unprofessional half of his existence in a groove of the strictest routine. Having started in life with the determination of being eminently respectable, he had modeled himself after his own matter-of-fact ideal, and cut his tastes according to his judgment. His cat and his violoncello were cases in point. He would have preferred a dog; but he made choice of the cat, because puss looked more domestic, and reflected the quiet habits of her master. In like manner Mr. Keckwitch entertained a secret leaning toward the concertina; but he yielded this point in favor of the superior respectability of the violoncello. And it can not be denied that Mr. Keckwitch was right. A more respectable possession than a violoncello for a single man can hardly be conceived. It is the very antithesis to all that is light and frivolous. It leads to no conviviality. It neither inclines its owner to quadrille parties, like the cornet-à-piston, nor to cold gin-and-water, like the flute; and it lends itself to amateur psalmody after a manner unequaled in dreariness by any other instrument. It was Mr. Keckwitch's custom to practice for an hour every evening after tea; and in the summer he did it with the windows open, which afflicted the neighborhood with a universal melancholy. At these times his landlady would shed tears for her departed husband, and declare that "it was beautiful, and she felt all the better for it;" and the photographer next door, who was a low-spirited young man and read Byron, would shut himself up in his dark room, and indulge in thoughts of suicide.

Such was the placid and irreproachable tenor of Mr. Abel Keckwitch's home life. It suited his temperament, and it gratified his ambition. He knew that he inspired the lodging-house bosom with confidence, and the parochial authorities with esteem. The pew-opener courtesied to him, and the church-wardens nodded to him affably in the street. In short, Pentonville regarded him as a thoroughly respectable man.

Scarcely less methodical was the other—the professional—half of this respectable man's career. He was punctuality itself, and hung his hat up in William Trefalden's office every morning at nine, with as much exactitude as the clock announced the hour. At one, he repaired to an eating-house in High Holborn, where he had dined at the same cost, and from the same dishes, for the last two-and-twenty years. Don Quixote's diet before he took to knight-errantry was not more monotonous; but instead of the "pigeon extraordinary on Sundays," Mr. Keckwitch dined on that day at his landlady's table, and stipulated for pudding. At two, resumed his seat at the office desk; and, when there was no particular pressure of work, went home to his cat and his violoncello at half past six. At certain seasons, however, Mr. Keckwitch and his fellow-clerks were almost habitually detained for an hour, or an hour and a half overtime, and thereby grew the richer; for William Trefalden was a prosperous man, and paid his laborers fairly.

So sober, so steady, so plodding was the head clerk's daily round of occupation. He fattened upon it, and grew asthmatic as the years went by. No one would have dreamed, to look into his dull eyes and stolid face, that he could be other than the veriest machine that ever drove a quill; but he was nothing of the kind. He was an invaluable clerk; and William Trefalden knew his worth precisely. His head was as clear as his voice was husky; his memory was prodigious; and for all merely technical purposes he was as good a lawyer as Trefalden himself. He entertained certain views, however, with regard to his own field of action, which by no means accorded with those of his employer. He liked to know every thing; and he conceived that it was his right, as Mr. Trefalden's head clerk, to establish a general supervision of the whole of that gentleman's professional and private affairs. He also deemed it to be in some sort his duty to find out that which was withheld from him, and regarded every reservation as a personal affront. That Mr. Trefalden should keep certain papers for his own reading; should answer certain letters with his own hand; and should sometimes remain in his private room for long hours after he and the others were dismissed, preparing unknown documents, and even holding conferences with strangers upon subjects that never filtered through to the outer office, were offenses which it was not in Mr. Keckwitch's nature to forgive. Nor were these all the wrongs of which he had to complain. It was William Trefalden's pleasure to keep his private life and his private affairs strictly to himself. No man knew whether he was married or single. No man knew how or where he lived. His practice was large and increasing, and the proceeds thereof were highly lucrative. Mr. Keckwitch had calculated them many a time, and could give a shrewd guess at the amount of his master's annual income. But what did he do with this money? How did he invest it? Did he invest it at all? Was it lent out at usurious interest, in quarters not to be named indiscreetly? Or launched in speculations that would not bear the light of day? Or gambled away at the tables of some secret hell, in the purlieus of the Haymarket or Leicester Square? Or was the lawyer a mere vulgar miser, after all, hoarding his good gold in the cracks and crevices of some ruinous old house, the address of which he guarded as jealously as if it were the key to his wealth?

Here was the mystery of mysteries; here was the heart of William Trefalden's secret; here was the one thing which Abel Keckwitch's whole soul was bent on discovering.

Possessed by that innate curiosity which acted as the leaven to his phlegmatic temperament, the head clerk had for years pondered over this mystery; lain in wait for it; scented round it from all sides; and, in a certain dogged way, resented it. But since that evening of the second of March he had fixed upon it with a vindictive tenacity as deadly as the coil of the boa. He saw, or believed he saw, in this thing, a weapon wherewith to chastise the man who had dared to find him out, and call him spy; and upon this one object he concentrated the whole force of his sluggish but powerful will. For Abel Keckwitch was a hater after Byron's own heart, and loved to nurse his wrath, and brood over it, and keep it warm. He never passed that doorway in Chancery Lane without rehearsing the whole scene in his mind. He remembered every insulting word that William Trefalden had hurled at him in those three or four moments. He still felt the iron blow, the breathless shock, the burning sense of rage and humiliation; and these things rankled day by day in the respectable bosom of Abel Keckwitch, and were each day farther and farther from being forgiven and forgotten.

The secret, however, remained as dark as ever. He had fancied once or twice of late that he was on the verge of some discovery; but he had each time found himself misled by his suspicions, and as far off as ever from the goal.

Hope deferred, and wrath long cherished, began at length to tell upon Mr. Keckwitch's health and spirits. He became morose and abstracted. He gave up practicing the violoncello. He lost his appetite for the diurnal meats of High Holborn, and his relish for the leaders that he was wont to devour with his cheese; and he forgot to take notice of his cat. His landlady and his fellow-clerks saw and marveled at the change; and the soul of the one-eyed waiter who received Mr. Keckwitch's daily obolus was perplexed with him; but none dared to question him. They observed him from afar off, as the Greeks looked upon Achilles sitting sullenly beside his ships, and canvassed his mood "with bated breath and whispering humbleness."

This went on for weeks; and then, all at once, the tide turned, and Mr. Keckwitch became himself again. An idea had occurred to him—a bright idea, by the light of which he distinctly saw the path to success opening out before him. He only wondered that he had not thought of it sooner.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT THE WATERLOO-BRIDGE STATION.

Saxon Trefalden was in buoyant spirits that afternoon as he wandered to and fro among the intricate platforms of the Waterloo-bridge station, and watched the coming and going of the trains. He had plenty of time; for he was a very inexperienced traveler, and, in his anxiety to be punctual, had come half an hour too soon. But his mind was full of pleasant thoughts, and he enjoyed the life and bustle of the place with as much zest as if the whole scene were a comedy played for his amusement.

He was very happy. He thought, as he went strolling up and down, that he had scarcely ever felt so happy in his life.

In the first place, he had that day received a letter from Pastor Martin—a long, loving, pious letter, filled with sweet home news, and benevolent projects about good things to be done in the valley of Domleschg. The remittance which he had dispatched the very day after he drew his first check had been distributed among the poor of the neighboring parishes: the organ that he had sent out a fortnight since had arrived, and the workmen were busy with it daily: the farm buildings at Rotzberg were being repaired, and the three meadows down by the river-side, that had been so long for sale, were now bought in Saxon's name, and added to the little demesne. The pigeons, too, had a new pigeon-house; and the spotted cow had calved; and the thrushes that built last year in the great laurel down at the end of the garden had again made their nest in the branches of the same tree. These were trifles; but to Saxon, who loved his far-away home, his native valley, and all the surroundings of his boyhood with the passionate enthusiasm of a mountaineer, they were trifles infinitely precious and delightful. And, besides all this, the letter ended with a tender blessing that had rested upon his heart ever since he read it, and seemed to hallow all the sunshine of the April day.

Then, in the second place, he had that morning enjoyed the supreme luxury of doing good. William Trefalden had, it is true, affirmed that the hours of Greatorex & Greatorex were numbered, and that Saxon's fifty-nine thousands could only interpose a brief delay between the bankers and their ruin; but Lawrence Greatorex, with the crisp bank-notes in his hand, had assured him that this sum, by renewing their credit and tiding them over the present emergency, was certain salvation to the firm. Taking it on the whole, this matter of the check had been sufficiently disagreeable. It had shown the banker's disposition from an unfavorable point of view, and to withdraw from even a part of his rash promise had been a source of humiliation to Saxon. Perhaps, too, the young man could not help liking his friend somewhat less than before; and this is at all times a painful feeling. Himself one of nature's own gentlemen, he shrunk instinctively from all that was coarse and mercenary; and he could not shut his eyes to the fact that Greatorex had shown himself to be both. However, it had ended pleasantly. Saxon had saved his friend, and the banker had not only overwhelmed him with professions of gratitude, but given him a proper acknowledgment for the money, so that William Trefalden's promissory note (which Saxon knew he should never have produced, though he had lost every penny by the omission) was happily not needed after all.

And in the third place, he was going into the country for a week or ten days. That was the last and best of all! After six weeks of feverish London life—six long, dazzling, breathless, wonderful weeks—he felt his heart leap at the thought of the free, fresh air and open sky. He longed to be up and out again at gray dawn, with a gun on his shoulder and a dog at his heels. He longed to feel the turf under his feet; and, above all, to practice the art of horsemanship in some more favorable locality than the yard of the riding-school, or the crowded manége of Rotten Row. To this end he had a couple of thoroughbreds and a groom with him, and had just seen the animals safely disposed of in a horse-box, ready to join the train as soon as it was backed into the station.

So Saxon was in great spirits, and went round and about, looking at the book-stalls and the hurrying passengers, and thinking what a charming thing it was to have youth, riches, friends, and all the world of books and art before one! There were, in truth, a great many half-formed projects floating about his brain just now—vague pictures of a yachting tour in the Mediterranean; visions of Rome, and Naples, and the isles of Greece; glimpses of the Nile, and the Pyramids, and even of the white domes of Jerusalem. For some of these schemes Lord Castletowers was answerable, but, let the foreground be what it might, the familiar snow-peaks of the Rhœtian Alps closed in the distance of every wondrous landscape that Saxon's vivid imagination bodied forth. He had no thought of wandering into Italy without first revisiting the valley of Domleschg; and still less did he ever dream of making his permanent home away from that still, primitive, untrodden place. But he had projects about that also, and meant some day to build a beautiful commodious château (not so large, but much more beautiful than Count Planta's), and to rebuild the church, and throw a new bridge over the Rhine, and erect model cottages, and make every one happy around him.

"Well, what is it?" said an authoritative voice. "Any thing the matter?"

Saxon was looking at the red and gold backs of a long row of Traveler's Guides on a book-stand close by, and the voice broke in abruptly on the pleasant reverie which their titles had suggested. He turned, and saw a lady, a railway guard, and a burly-looking official with a pen behind his ear, standing at the door of an empty second-class carriage of the up-train which had discharged its freight of passengers three or four minutes ago.

The guard touched his cap.

"Lady's lost her ticket, Sir," he replied, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"I know I had it when the train stopped at Weybridge," said the lady. "I took it out from my purse, because I thought the guard was going to ask to see it."

Her voice trembled a little as she said this, stooping forward into the carriage all the while, in search of the missing ticket.

The burly official drew his hand across his mouth, and coughed doubtfully.

"Where did you take it from, miss?" he asked.

"From Sedgebrook station."

The name came familiarly to Saxon's ear, for it happened that Sedgebrook was precisely the point to which Lord Castletowers had directed him to take his own ticket.

"Humph! Well, Salter, I suppose you've searched the carriage thoroughly?"

"Quite thoroughly, Sir," replied the guard.

The official went through the form of peering into it himself, and said,

"Then, miss, I'm afraid there's no help for it."

"Shall I have to pay the fare a second time?" asked the lady, nervously.

"You'll have to pay it from Exeter—the point where the train started from."

"From Exeter? But I only came from Sedgebrook!"

"Can't help that, miss. Those are our regulations. Any passenger unable to produce his ticket on alighting, must pay his full fare from the point of departure. This train comes from Exeter, and from Exeter you must pay. There hangs our table of by-laws. You can see it for yourself."

Her face was turned toward Saxon now, as she stood by the carriage-door, looking from the one man to the other. It was a very young face, quite childlike in its appealing timidity, and as pale as a lily.

"Thank you," she said, hurriedly, "I don't want to see it. I am quite satisfied with what you say. How much will it be?"

"One pound five."

The pale face became scarlet, and the childlike eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Oh dear!" she said, tremulously, "what shall I do? I have not nearly so much money as that!"

Saxon had seen that she was poorly dressed, and he knew, as well as if he had looked into it, that her slender purse could ill spare even the paltry three shillings and sixpence from Sedgebrook to London. His hand had been in his waistcoat pocket half a dozen times already, and was only withdrawn empty because he felt that it would be a simple impertinence to interpose. But now he could bear it no longer.

"May I be permitted, madam," he said, bowing to the young girl as profoundly as if she were a princess of the blood royal, "to arrange this matter for you?"

And he slipped her fare into the hand of the guard.

The blush deepened painfully upon her cheek.

"I—I thank you, Sir," she faltered. "I thank you very much. Will you be good enough to give me your card, that I may know where to send the money?"

Saxon felt in his pockets, looked in his purse, and found that he had not the vestige of a card about him. At this moment a bell rang on the opposite platform, and a porter whom he had intrusted with his railway rug and the task of securing him a seat, came running breathlessly up.

"Train's just a going, Sir," said he. "You've not a minute to lose."

So Saxon bowed again, stammered something about being "very sorry," and vanished from the scene.

Just as he had taken his seat, however, and the train had begun to move, the guard appeared at the window, tossed in a card, said something which was lost in the shrill shriek of the driver's whistle, and dropped out of sight.

Saxon picked up the card, which was rather small for a lady's use, and read:

MISS RIVIÈRE,
PHOTOGRAPHIC COLORIST.
6 Brudenell Terrace, Camberwell.

"Poor little thing!" he said to himself, with a pitying smile, "does she suppose that I will send to her for the trumpery money?"

And then he was about to throw it out of the window; but checked himself, looked at it again, and put it in his waistcoat pocket instead.

"She was very pretty," thought he; "and her voice was very sweet. How glad I am that I had no card about me!"

TALMUDIC LEGENDS.

WHEN scholars want light reading, and are tired, as they become very speedily, of the sensation novels on Mr. Mudie's list, they turn for amusement in the most unexpected quarters, and go wandering about in pleasant by-ways, of which the ordinary purchaser at a railway book-stall has no inkling whatsoever. Great folios, which look as if they were meant to terrify intending readers away, stout vellum-bound quartos, and though last, not least, the multitude of quaint little duodecimos in minute but marvelously legible type, which poured from the Continental presses of the seventeenth century, will often yield hours of interest to those who have been bored to satiety with mysterious women in all manner of dresses, and with feminine views as to the bearing of judicial proceedings on everyday life.

No direction in which to look for amusement, pure and simple, seems so unpromising as theology; no theology would appear so unlikely to afford an exception to the rule as that of the sombre Jews of the dispersion; no store-house of Hebrew divinity so deterrent as that which is at once the magazine of legal glosses on the Mosaic code and of scholastic commentaries on the Biblical writings. And yet, scattered through the many ponderous tomes in which that singular work the Talmud (begun perhaps as long ago as the First Captivity, given shape by Rabbi Jehudah the Holy in early Christian days, and completed by Rabbi Samuel and his school at Babylon some thirteen hundred years ago) is contained, many singular legends, witty sayings, and graphic parables may be found, of no small merit, and eminently capable of entertaining as well as instructing; while at rarer intervals somewhat of the grand and fervid Hebrew spirit flashes out in solemn prayers and invocations.

Example is, however, better than dissertation, and a few specimens from the mass are here culled and set before the reader.

The following has a savor of the Arabian Nights:

Once upon a time there was a good man, full of love and charity, but in great poverty. There came a year of frightful scarcity, and the poor man lived in the most straitened manner with his family. When the great festival of the New Year came he procured those things of which there was the most absolute need for his family, which still possessed some scanty funds. A poor wretch, thin, ragged, barefoot, and hungry, came to him and asked him for help. The good man took the money he had left and gave it to the mendicant. When his wife learned her husband's gift she scolded, raged, and stormed, and gave him no peace. Worried and deafened, he rushed out of the house, and fled to a cemetery to recover himself. There he lay down on his father's tomb, and burst out into prayers and lamentations, while all around him was the silence of the grave. In this solemn stillness no other voice was heard than the subdued murmuring and choking sobs of the man who was stretched upon the tomb, from the depth of which a sudden creaking noise came, and a low ghostly whisper reached the mourner's ears. He ceased his prayers and lamentations, and listened attentively. "Come, my companion," said a voice, "hasten from the tomb; let us wing our flight toward the celestial spheres, and, concealed behind the veils of heaven, listen to hear what destinies await mortals this year." "Friend," replied the other voice, "I am prisoned here in this cane-matting, nor is it permitted me to free myself from the tomb. Go, fly, hearken, and return with the news thou hast heard." And the first spirit departed, flew up, listened, and returned. "Companion, what hast thou heard behind the curtain of heaven?" "Whoever sows after the second rains will have abundant harvests this year. That heard I in heaven above." The good man sprang up, elated with what he had discovered, and sowed after the latter rain. All other harvests failed, and his alone succeeded.

The next year he returned to the cemetery, and stretched himself anew upon the tomb, listening attentively as before. The same conversation passed, at first, between the two voices, but the news brought was different. "Whoever sows after the latter rain will have his fields wasted with drouth: so heard I in heaven above." The good man sprang up, elated with what he had discovered, sowed after the first rains, and alone of all had an abundant crop. His wife wondered at his singular success, and asked her husband the cause of his good fortune. He knew no method of evading the question, and told every thing to his wife as it had happened. Now it chanced that the lady had a quarrel with the mother of the dead girl who was buried in the cane-mat, and spitefully said to the unhappy parent, "Come, and I will show you something that does you great credit; I will show you your girl buried in cane." The third year the man went back to the cemetery, lay down on the tomb, and listened attentively once more. "Come, my companion," said a voice, "hasten from the tomb; let us wing our flight to the celestial spheres, and, concealed behind the veils of heaven, listen to hear what destinies await mortals this year." "Silence, friend!" replied the other voice; "our words have been heard here below by the living." And all was still.

In this spirit story we may note two curious things. It contains the germ of the Mohammedan notion about the predictions of wizards; which is, that the evil spirits fly as near as they dare to the gates of heaven, and, eavesdropping there, pick up fragments of the conversation of the angels, which they reveal to their wicked allies on earth. This, however, they do at the risk of destruction, for the shooting stars which we see are the darts hurled at them by the angels when they are detected, a blow from which reduces them to ashes. Also we find that the superstition attaching to certain kinds of burial as means to prevent ghosts from walking is very ancient. Here, it is a cane-mat which keeps the dead quiet. In some countries the thumbs and toes of the corpse are tied with the same intention; and there is good reason for believing that the horrible ceremonies once used in England at the interment of suicides, who were laid in the centre of four cross roads, with a stake driven through the body, and a pile of stones heaped above it, betokened less abhorrence of the act than systematic precautions to prevent the deceased from walking as a vampire.

The legends which are grouped around several great Scriptural names are very curious, and, as might be expected, especial prominence is given to Abraham, Moses, and Solomon. Here is a tale of the childhood of the first: Terah was an idolater, and dealt in images. One day, called away by some domestic occupations, he left the child Abram in charge of the business. An idolater came into the shop to buy an image. The boy accosted him in a friendly and courteous manner, and questioned him thus: "Pray, Sir, how old art thou?" The Gentile, pleased with the child's graceful ways, answered, "How old? fifty years." And the boy, with his face all aglow, burst into the exclamation, "What blindness! what misery! A man of fifty years to worship as God that which was made in a day and lasts but a day!" The stranger colored at the words, fixed his eyes on the ground, stood a few moments silent, and departed without uttering a word. In this wise the boy acted with all the customers.

Once an old woman came in with a basketful of flour, and said to Abram, "Take all this flour; it is meant for these Gods." Abram let her depart, and then took a cudgel, with which he struck right and left among the images, broke them into countless fragments, and left only the largest unharmed, and then laid the cudgel across its hands. At last his father returned, entered, and beheld the grievous sight, which filled him with horror. He was a prey to rage and suspicion, and, rushing toward his little son, cried, "Who was it? what happened? where is the villain?" "Father," replied Abram, "listen to a dreadful occurrence. A woman brought a basketful of flour as an offering to these Gods. I laid the oblation at their feet. At once there was confusion, tumult, and a terrible fray. Each of the idols wished for the choice of the offering. 'It is mine,' cried one. 'No, it is mine,' said another. All clamored, disputed, and threatened. Finally, the biggest of them laid hold of a cudgel—and there they are in pieces." "Wretch!" interrupted Terah, "thou art mocking me. Can these images feel, speak, will?" "Father, father, what words are these? Are they Gods, and yet without feeling? Take care that even thine own ear does not catch what thy lips have uttered."

Terah became still more enraged, and dragged the young Abram to the foot of Nimrod's throne. The king looked sternly at the boy, and spoke in threatening tones. "There is fire. Worship it; it is our God." "Sire," replied the boy, "ought I not rather to worship water, which quenches fire?" "As thou willest; worship the water." "Then shall I wrong the clouds, which are ever laden with water, and are the rulers of the rivers and the sea?" "Let it be so; worship the clouds." "But how can the clouds be greater than the wind, which drives and scatters them?" "Then worship the wind." "The wind? Ought I not rather to worship man, who masters fire, water, and wind?" "Wretch!" exclaimed Nimrod, in fury; "I will make thee adore the fire. Let us see if thy God can save thee." And he caused the lad to be cast into a burning furnace, but an angel sped suddenly from heaven and brought him forth in safety.

Almost quainter than this myth is the presage of the greatness of Moses, and the manner in which his slowness of speech is accounted for: The child Moses, nursed on Pharaoh's knees, kissed and petted by the mighty king, bethought himself one day of lifting the crown from off the royal head, and placing it on his own—an omen and prognostic of the future. The wise men of Pharaoh, who had predicted a coming deliverer of Israel, were suspicious of this evil presage, and said to Pharaoh, "Beware, lest this be thine enemy and rival; put him to death, and secure thy throne." Suspicion sank into the king's mind, and the cruel suggestions were received with approval. But Jethro, who was present when the sanguinary advice was given, interposed. "What wonder," said he, "if the glitter of a crown tempts a child to seize it? It is so with all children; but if any doubt remains in your minds, try an experiment. Put a dish before him with the crown and with a glowing coal upon it, and try whether it is the gleam of the light or an inward presentiment which urged him to the act." The test was accepted, and the child had set before his eye a brightly glowing coal, with the crown beside it. Without hesitation he was putting his hand out for the crown, which would have been his sentence of death; but an angel from heaven directed his hand to lay hold of the coal. The child gave a cry, and put his hand with the fire to his mouth, so that his tongue was scorched, and he thenceforward remained a stammerer, but he was saved.

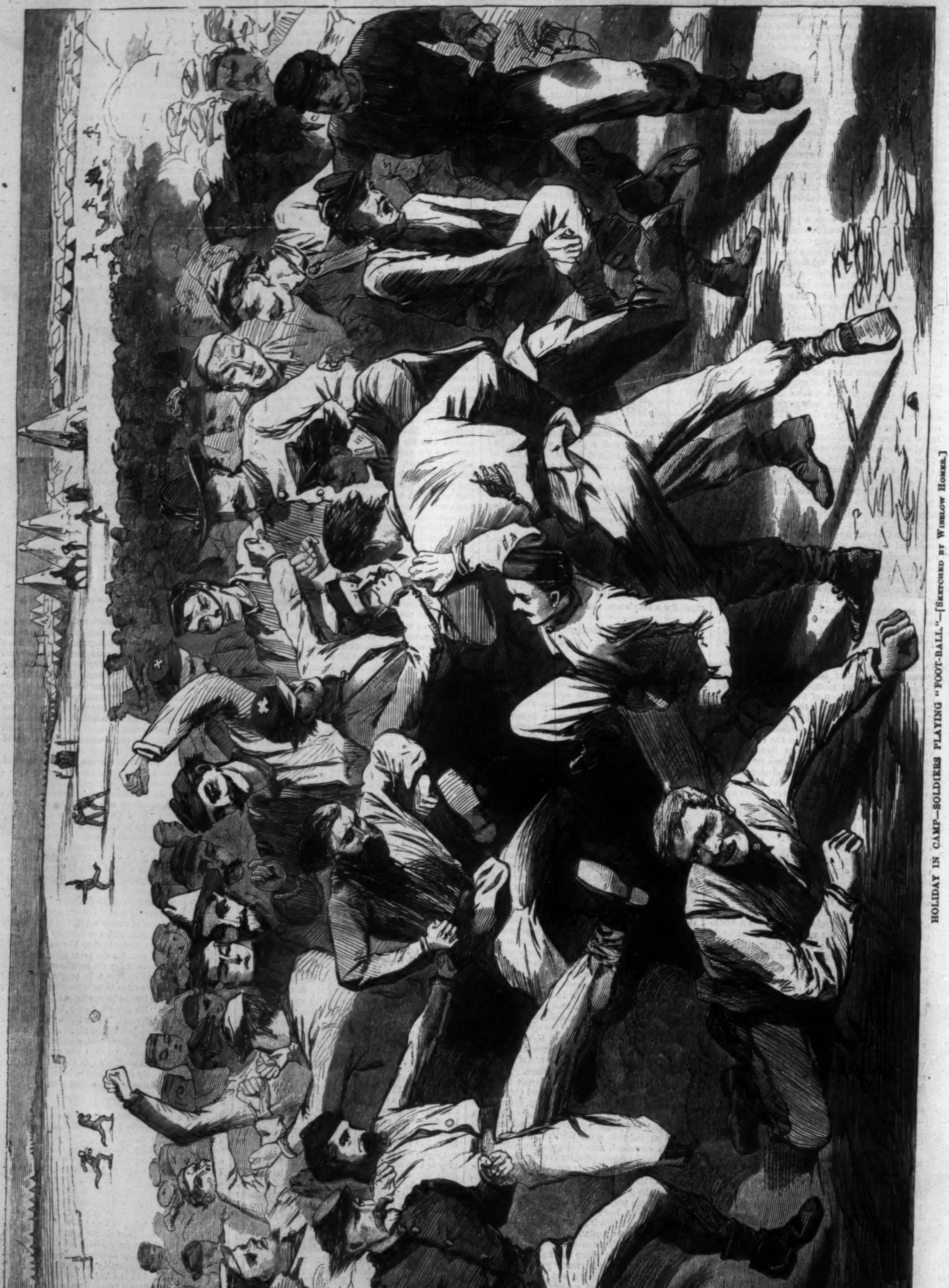
Far wilder than these legends is the group which has grown up around the mighty name of Solomon, that name which has so strange a charm for both Jewish and Mohammedan ears. Pursuant to the precept which makes all Jews marry young, there are many warm recommendations of matrimony in the Talmud, and the terms of respect in which woman's influence and virtues are often spoken of would satisfy the most chivalrous spirit of the present day. And yet the Eastern sentiment of contempt for the fair sex sometimes crops out in a diverting manner. Thus an explanation of the reason why Adam's rib was selected, rather than any other part of his body, to form Eve, runs as follows: The head? she would have become too conceited. The eye? too roving. The ear? too inquisitive. The mouth? too loquacious. The heart? too passionate. The hands? too grasping. The feet? too gadding. She was created from a hidden and modest part of man, and step by step as each member was created a voice cried, "Be modest, be modest." And, for all that, woman has a little of every fault which we have mentioned.

Personality is a very prominent element in the Talmud, probably in consequence of its character as a law-book. It seldom advances a precept or lays down a moral deduction without quoting the authority and example of some eminent Rabbi, and it thus teems with anecdotes, always curious and often pithy. A specimen or two of this class of story will suffice: Rabbi Tanchum was once asked whether it was lawful to put out a candle on the Sabbath-day, if it chanced to inconvenience a sick person. "What a question!" answered he. "A burning candle is a light, no doubt, but the soul of man is more, for it is a light from heaven. Is it not then better to quench an earthly light than a heavenly one?"

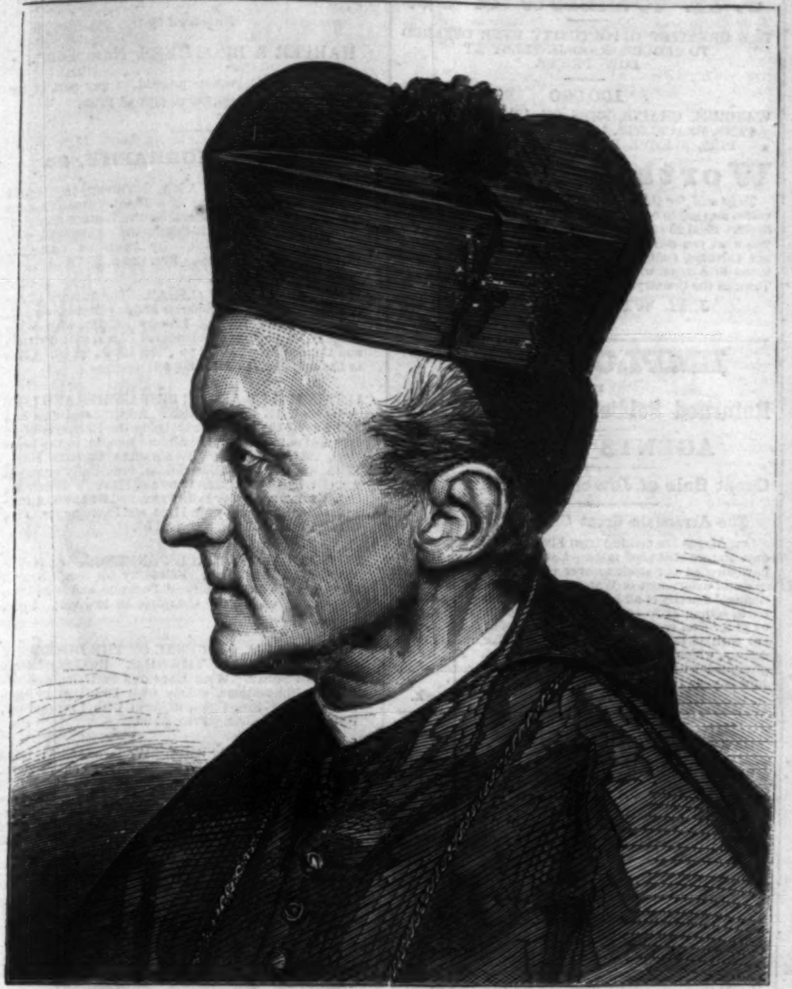
Here is another, a type of fair dealing: Rav Safra had a precious stone for sale. Some merchants offered him five pieces of money for it, but he abided by his demand of ten, and the bargain was off. But Rav Safra, on reconsidering the matter, resolved to give the gem for the price which he had been offered. The next day the merchants came in while he was standing intent in prayer. "Sir," said they, "shall we come to an agreement? Will you give the stone for the price offered?" Rav Safra was silent. "Well, well, do not be angry, we will give two pieces more." Rav Safra was still silent. "Come then, just as you please. You shall have the ten pieces." Rav Safra, who had now concluded his prayers, said, "Sirs, I was praying, and did not wish to break off. As to the price of the jewel, I had already determined to let it go at yesterday's price. Give me then five pieces; I can not take more."

A story almost similar is told of a young man who had a jewel which was sought for the High Priest's robes, whence one like it had been lost. The bargain was made, and the messengers came for the stone. It lay in a box, against which rested the feet of the young man's sleeping father. Unwilling to rouse him he told the priests that he could not conclude the bargain. They retired for consultation, believing that he was merely holding out for a higher price, and returned the next day to offer him a considerable advance on their former proposal. He stated the true cause of the delay, and declined the additional sum because he did not choose to be paid for an ordinary act of filial duty.

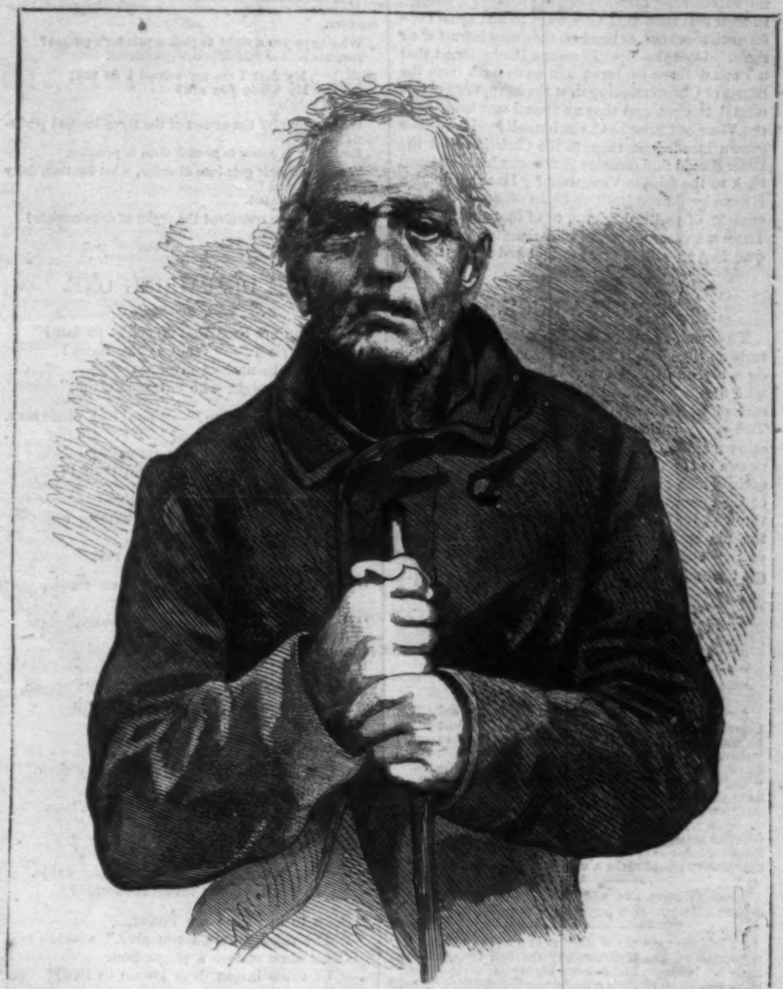
Parables closely akin to those of the New Testament, however incomparably inferior in simplicity and point, abound in the Talmud. Thus we read of a king's daughter who married a rich citizen, whose house, dress, and mode of living were all sumptuous, and who brought valuable gifts to his bride, on which she looked without interest or admiration, since as a princess she had been accustomed to still more splendid possessions. This is a type of earthly pleasures lavished on the soul, which never can be contented with them, because it is a daughter of heaven.



HOLIDAY IN CAMP—SOLDIERS PLAYING "FOOT-BALL."—[Sketched by Winslow Homer.]



MOST REVEREND HENRY EDWARD MANNING, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, ENGLAND.



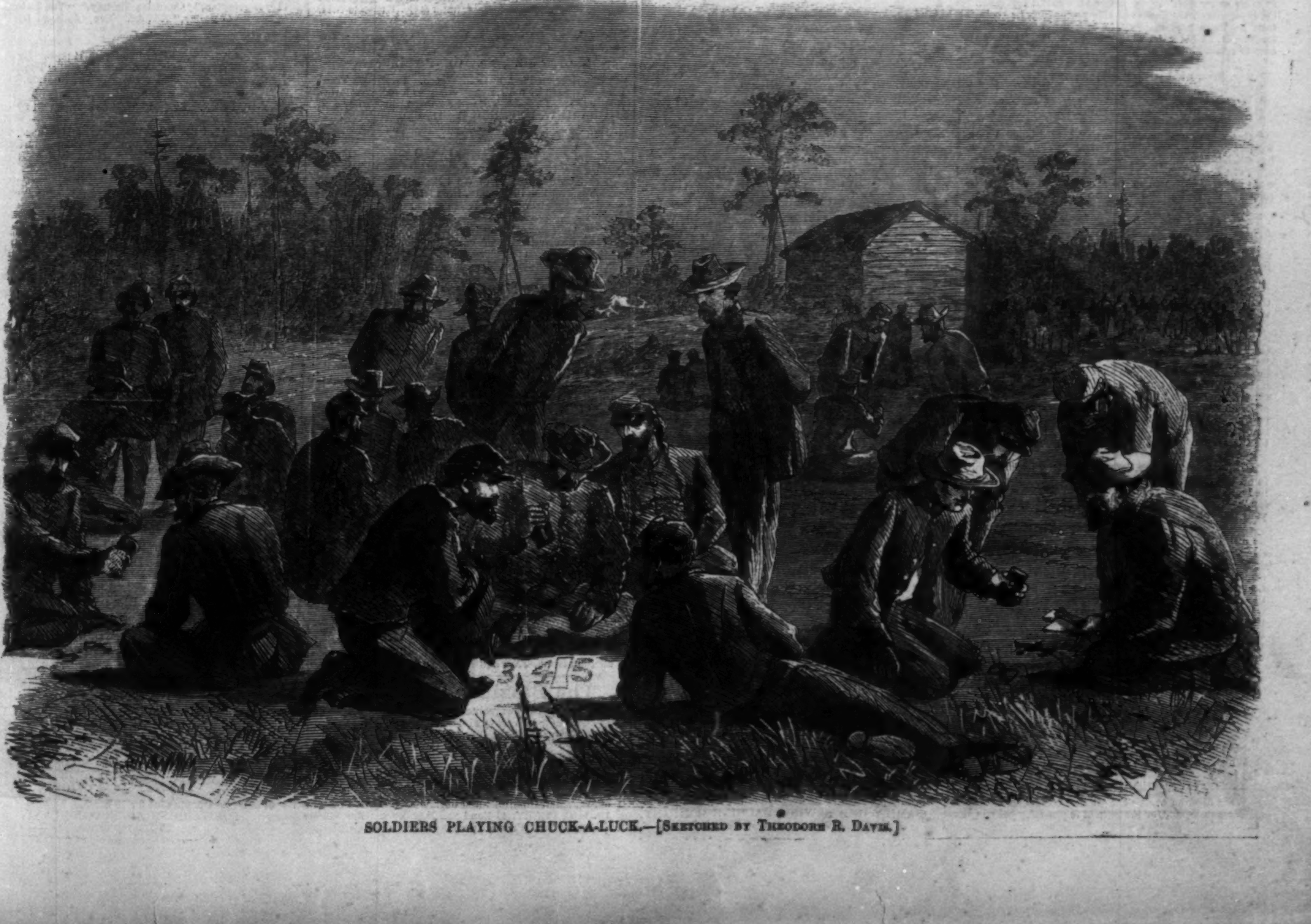
JOSEPH CRELE, THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD, ÆT. 139.—[PHOT. BY JOLLEY, PORTAGE CITY.]

ARCHBISHOP MANNING, OF WESTMINSTER.

THE Most Rev. HENRY EDWARD MANNING, whom the Pope has appointed to succeed the late Cardinal WISEMAN in the Roman Catholic archbishopric of Westminster, was born at Totteridge, near Barnet, on July 15, 1808, being the son of Mr. WILLIAM MANNING, a London merchant, who was for some time a member of Parliament. He was educated at Harrow School, and at Baliol College, Oxford, where he entered as an undergraduate in 1827; he took a first class and his degree of B.A. in Michaelmas Term, 1830, and was soon afterward elected a Fellow of Merton College; he was also for some time one of the select preachers in the University of Oxford. He resigned his fellowship in 1833, and took the vicarage of Lavington, near Midhurst, in Sussex, to which was added, in 1840, the appointment of Archdeacon of Chichester, and he held these offices in the Protestant Established Church of England till 1851, when he announced his conversion to the Roman Catholic system. Having received ordination as priest from the hands of Cardinal WISEMAN, Mr. MANNING went to Rome and became a student of theology in the college of the Academia, where he remained till 1854. He then returned to England, and undertook an active propagandist mission in that country. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by the Pope, who also, in 1857, appointed him Provost of Westminster and of St. Mary's, Moorfields. Dr. MANNING is the author of many published sermons, a treatise on the Unity of the Church, and another on the Temporal Power of the Popes. His consecration as Archbishop took place June 8, with the usual pomp and ceremony, in the Church of St. Mary, Moorfields. Our portrait represents Archbishop MANNING in the costume of his new office.

On the Sabbath after his consecration the Archbishop's first pastoral letter was read in the churches of his diocese. This letter is a remarkable pronunciamento. It savors somewhat of arrogance for a prelate at this time, and in England, to speak of the Roman Catholic faith as one "out of which is no salvation;" to assume the propagandism of that faith is *the* work of God, and to boldly declare that the Bull of the Immaculate Conception and the Encyclical letter of the Pope marks "an epoch in the reconstitution of the Christian order of the world." Dr. MANNING assumes that the protest made by the human intellect against this unreasoning absolutism of the Papacy is "the derision of the nineteenth century," which will be buried with the heresies of the last eighteen.

The Reverend Doctor thinks there are signs of



SOLDIERS PLAYING CHUCK-A-LUCK.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

improvement. Men are getting to be so interested in their salvation that they want to find some Pope forsooth to whom, as teacher, they may intrust their souls. Does the Most Reverend Doctor forget that a Protest three centuries ago went forth from the hearts of Christendom against the corruptions of this mortal teacher, and that an appeal was made from the Vicar of Christ to Christ himself? Has Christ grown insufficient, then, to the Christian that the latter should find occasion to transfer his allegiance back to the fallible Vicegerent? Has the Romish Hierarchy proved itself to be an organ of enlightenment, of political reform, or of human freedom? There are vast numbers of Christians to whom these questions are still of great weight and interest.

CHUCK-A-LUCK.

The game of "Chuck-a-Luck," which we illustrate on page 445, is very common among the soldiers of Sherman's army. The game is played with dice. The board is divided into six sections, each of which is numbered in its order 1,2,3,4,5,6. Two play: one representing the banker, and the other making the venture. The latter chooses one or two of the numbers and lays down ten cents on each, which are covered by the banker with an equal amount. If either or both of the two dice thrown give the number of numbers chosen, then the player wins and the banker loses, and *vice versa*. Generally, in the long-run, the bankers get the best of it, though some of them break.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Pompey, why am my shoe like de corporation?"
"Gub it up, Sam. Why am it?"
"Kase it hab no sole. Yah! yah!"

An odd genius entered the saloon adjoining Ford's Theatre, where Booth took his last drink of brandy just before he murdered Mr. Lincoln, and inquired of the barkeeper: "Have you the same bottle on hand out of which Booth drank on the night of the assassination?" "Yes, Sir." "And the same brandy in it?" "Yes, Sir." "Can I have a drink of that same brandy out of that same bottle?" "Yes, Sir." "Let's have it." The visitor tastes the brandy, makes a wry face, and continues: "And that's the same brandy that Booth drank?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, I don't wonder that he killed the President. A drink of that brandy would make a man kill his grandmother!"

Literary Note.—In what form did Burns address his departed Mary?—In a polygon (Polly gone), we presume.

An Irishman got out of the cars at a railway station for refreshments, but unfortunately the bell rang, and the train left before he had finished his repast. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car; "hould on, ye murtherin ould stame ingin—ye've got a passenger aboard that's lift behind!"

The frog who would a wooing go, having returned after his honey-moon, has been handsomely entertaining a select circle of friends, who have joined the happy couple in a nightly game of *Croaky*.

The first thing a man takes to in his life is his milk—the last is his *bier*.

Why is a jest like a fowl?—Because it contains a merry-thought.

Lodging-house Lady. "Do you like meat rare, Sir?"
New Lodger. "No, madam, I like it three times a day."

At a Cattle Show in New Jersey, by order of the judges, the pigs were supplied with a quantity of mire, and were all invited to a Competition Wallow.

A Portuguese shoemaker used to give his wife a severe flogging every month, just before he went to confession. On being asked the reason of this proceeding, he replied that, having a poor memory, he took this method of refreshing it, as his wife, while under the castigation, was sure to remind him of all his sins.

"Say, Sam, what you sell dem shoes for?"
"Can't sell dem, Pomp."
"Why not?"
"Kase dey's half soled a'ready. Yah, yah!"

"One more question, Mr. Parks," said a counsel to a witness, who happened to be a tailor. "You have known the defendant a long time; what are his habits—loose or otherwise?" "The one he's got on now I think is rather tight under the arms, and too short-waisted for the fashion," replied Parks. "Stand down," said the counsel.

There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. A local journal thus describes the effects of a hurricane: "It shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismantled churches, laid villages waste, and overturned a haystack."

A Private Inquiry.—Why is a soldier who attends to the command, "Prepare to receive cavalry," like his own weapon?—Because he's abeyin'-it.

A pew in a Congregational meeting-house is thus advertised for sale in the Amherst, Massachusetts, *Express:* "A pew in the meeting-house of the first parish in Amherst is for sale. The man that owns the pew owns the right or a space just as long and wide as the pew is from the bottom of the meeting-house to the roof, and he can go as much higher as he can get. If a man will buy my pew and sit in it on Sundays, and repent and be a good man, he will go to heaven, and my pew is as good a place to start from as any pew in the meeting-house."

A thick-headed squire, being worsted by Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming. "If I had a son who was an idiot, by Jove, I'd make him a parson." "Very probably," replied Sydney, "but I see that your father was of a different mind."

Something like Bathos.—Amidst solemn stillness the clergyman's impressive words died away; the glittering diamond cross that rested on the bosom of the bride gently rose and fell; the robes of one or two of the bridemaids fluttered like fairy wings; the spectators and witnesses to the coming marriage scarcely seemed to breathe; pew-openers, with folded hands and downcast eyes, kept even their eyelids still; the beadle stood as motionless as if he had been a figure carved out of wood, and painted in blue, red, and gold; and the air came in gentle puffs from the open door.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are washer-women the most unreasonable people?
Because they expect soft water when it rains hard.

My first is always bitter to my second;
My third is both bitter and sweet?

Wo-man (woman).

Which sea would a man most like to be in on a wet day?
Adriatic (a dry attic).

What disorder excites the greatest compassion?
The small-pox, for the patient is generally pitied (pitted).

Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest ever erected?
Because it was built for one sovereign and finished for another.

Why have you a right to pick a painter's pocket?
Because he has picked yours (pictures).

My first I do, my second I do not;
My whole you are?

Love-ly (lie).

Why is divinity the easiest of the three learned professions?
Because it is easier to preach than to practice.

When your hair gets into disorder, what heathen deity should you name?
Comus (comb us).

Which is to be conceived the organ of drunkenness?
The barrel-organ.

THE DESPAIRING ONE.

FROM MURGER.

"Say, who art thou that knock'st so late?"
"Open, 'tis I."—"What is thy name?
I list not to unclose my gate
To all at night who entrance claim."

"Open."—"Thy name?"—"The bleak winds rave.
Open."—"Thy name?"—"For charity
Unclose thy doors, for in its grave
The corpse is not more cold than I;

"For I have wander'd all the day
From north to south, from east to west;
Oh, in thy cabin let me stay,
And in thy chimney-corner rest."

"Not yet; who art thou?"—"I am Fame;
I lead to immortality."
"Pass on, vain phantom, empty name,"
"Oh, listen to me still, for I

"Am Love Eternal, endless Youth,
Most precious of God's gifts."—"Pass on,
I need them not; my mistress' truth
Alone I needed. It is gone."

"But I am Art and Poesy,
Elsewhere proscribed; unclose thy door."
"Not so. No love to sing have I;
Her very name I know no more."

"Stay, I am Riches. Open wide,
I bring thee endless stores of gold—
Wealth that can buy thee back thy bride."
"Can it awake the love that's cold?"

"Open to me, for I am Power,
The regal purple I can give."
"Canst thou restore a single hour
Of those bright days I used to live?"

"Then, if thou wilt not ope thy gates
Till of thy guest's name thou art sure;
Open! 'Tis Death without who waits,
And brings for all thy ills the cure.

"List at my girdle, thou mayst hear
The massy keys which clank and grate,
Of caverns whose recesses drear
Shall yield thee rest inviolate."

"Enter, oh, enter! welcome guest;
Enter: forgive these boards so bare.
At misery's hearth I bid thee rest,
And misery's squalid pallet share.

"Enter, for I am sick of life,
That hath nor hope nor joy in store;
Have long'd, yet fear'd, to end its strife,
And be at rest for evermore.

"Oh! enter now, eat, drink, and sleep,
And when thou leav'st with breaking day,
Sweet angel, let me near thee keep,
And bear me in thy arms away.

"For where thou goest I will go,
Will follow where thy step is turn'd;
But leave my dog to live, for so
I shall not perish all unmourn'd."

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